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MRS. SIMPSON NOT RETURNING TO LONDON FOR LONG PERIOD

AUSTRALIA OUT FOR 58!

Bradman Dismissed
For Duck

ALLEN AND VOCE HEROES
OF THE MATCH

Brisbane, To-day.

Commencing the day 378 runs behind, Australia were dismissed for 58 runs in the first Test cricket match against England, this representing the lowest Test score in Australia since the 1887-8 match when Australia totalled 42 runs on the Sydney ground.

Seventy-five balls were needed to give England a great triumph by 322 runs, the Australian innings lasting only 71 minutes. The heroes of the match were G. O. Allen, the English skipper, and Voce, both of whom it will be recalled were involved in the former cricket "war." Allen was practically unplayable, his balls skidding through at a very low and bewildering speed, while Voce used the soft wicket to the best advantage.

There was only a crowd of 3,000 when Badcock (0) and Sievers (2) resumed Australia's innings at 3 for 1 in sultry and cloudy weather. There had been rain overnight and a sharp downpour at 6 a.m. left the wicket in a very soft condition.

(Continued on Page 5)

Scores:—

AUSTRALIA—2ND INNINGS	
J. H. Fingleton, b Voce	0
C. Badcock, c Fagg, b Allen	0
M. W. Sievers, c Voce, b Allen	2
W. A. Oldfield, b Voce	10
D. G. Bradman, c Fagg, b Allen	7
S. J. McCabe, c Leyland, b Allen	7
R. Robinson, c Hammond, b Voce	25
A. C. Chipperfield, not out	25
W. J. O'Reilly, b Allen	0
F. Ward, b Voce	0
E. L. McCormick, absent ill	6
Extras	6
Total	58

Fall of the wickets: 1. (Fingleton) for 0; 2. (Badcock) for 3; 3. (Sievers) for 7; 4. (Bradman) for 7; 5. (McCabe) for 16; 6. (Robinson) for 20; 7. (Oldfield) for 37; 8. (O'Reilly) for 41; 9. (Ward) for 58; 10. (McCormick, absent) for 58.

Bowling Analysis			
	O	M	R
Allen	6	0	35
Voce	6.3	0	16

HOLLAND LOOKS TO DEFENCE

Dutch East Indies To Be Fortified

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL

The Hague, To-day.

The National Defence budget of the Netherlands for 1937 is to be four times as large as that of 1936, totalling 166,000,000 guilders as compared with 42,000,000 last year.

In a message from the Government to the Second Chamber, it is explained that 72,000,000 guilders will be utilised for necessary defence facilities of the Dutch East Indies and 93.9 for the National Defence forces.

The Dutch Government has also decided to support and encourage the development of the Dutch aeroplane industry and to have all aeroplanes provided for in the budget constructed in Holland.

The construction programme includes at present 60 aeroplanes and 39 land planes. The Note to the Second Chamber also indicates that the Government is considering the problem of the mobilisation of the industrial forces.

FIERCE BATTLE AT TAMIAO

SETBACK FOR BANDIT INVADERS

SUIYUAN TO BE INVADIED FROM EAST?

Canton, To-day.

It is reliably reported that the Chinese Government troops were engaged in a fierce fight with the Mongol-Manchurian bandits on Monday night in the suburbs of Tamiao, and by 9 a.m. yesterday, the Government troops had recaptured Tamiao before the arrival of the foreign and Manchurian reinforcements from Pankiang.

It is learned that during the battle large numbers of the bandits surrendered, saying that "Chinese were not going to fight against Chinese." Seeing that their determination to recapture Pankiang had failed, the foreigners despatched large detachments of their own and Manchurian troops, under Chang Hai-pang and Wang Ching-shou, to Changpei and Shangtu with the intention of again invading Suixuan from the east.

DEMANDS TO BE MODIFIED

But Still Unlikely To Be Accepted

TSINGTAO TENSION EASED

Tsingtao, To-day.

It is understood that, following the Mayor's firm rejection, the Japanese demands are being somewhat modified thus leading noticeably to an easing of the tension, but it is stated that they will still be unacceptable to the Chinese.

An earlier message stated that firm rejection of the "unreasonable" Japanese demands to the Tsingtao authorities, which included permission for Japanese marines to assist the police to enforce order during the textile strike, the marines having been landed before the consent of the Chinese was sought, was voiced by the Mayor, Admiral Shen Hung-lih yesterday at a meeting with the Japanese Consul-General, Mr. H. Nishi.

Although the true nature of the Japanese demands was not divulged, it is believed in Tsingtao that they were along the lines mentioned in the earlier Tokyo despatches, and included the dismissal of certain Tsingtao officials and the suppression of the local Kuomintang.

Despite the unsatisfactory progress of negotiations the tension was reported to be subsiding.

JAPANESE CONCESSION? The Japanese authorities have promised to withdraw their demands, and that the Japanese bluejackets will be withdrawn first, while the strike dispute will be settled immediately.

Suppression Bid To Be Waived

Shanghai, Later: It is understood that the Japanese have agreed to waive the demand of the suppression of the local Kuomintang, but insist that it be reorganised and also demand the reorganisation of the Chinese Boxing Association which they allege is the main ground for anti-Japanese sentiments.

Two officials of the local government, Mr. Chu Chen, Director of Social Affairs, and Mr. S. T. Wang, Director of Public Safety, may be forced to resign as the result of Japanese pressure. Presumably, if these demands are satisfied, the Japanese marines will be withdrawn, and in this connection an unconfirmed report states that an agreement has already been reached.

Official reports state that the Eastern front of Suixuan is well defended and guarded, large numbers of Central troops being stationed in Pingtichen, in the extreme east of the province. In spite of the efforts of the invaders, the Government troops have advanced in the direction of Shangtu, and minor skirmishes on the eastern frontiers of the province have been reported.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LAMASERY THREATENED

Peiping: It is reported that the Suixuan troops continue to advance to the east from Pailingmiao and are now approaching Sharamuren, an enormous lamasery, 17 miles east of Pailingmiao, that is garrisoned by Mongol and Manchukuo troops.

Meanwhile the invaders are again threatening East Suixuan and 10,000 troops are reported to have gathered near Hsinho, ready to launch a fresh attack as soon as armaments and supplies have been received from Changpei.

JAPANESE BOY PASSES

Another Dysentery Victim

The death occurred at the Majima Hospital, Wanchai, this morning, of Jim Sakamoto, the young son of Mr. T. Sakamoto, a teacher in the Japanese Primary School. The boy, we were informed, was a victim of dysentery. It is learned that his younger brother, Akio Sakamoto, was one of the victims of the epidemic which claimed eight children.

The funeral takes place this afternoon at the Japanese crematorium, Sookunpoo.

Huge Military Grant Proposed In France

Paris, to-day.—Following the appropriation of 1,400,000,000 francs for national defence purposes as from September 1st, BNF providing for additional credit to the extent of 1,690,000,000 francs for the same purpose, has been presented to the Chamber.

The proposed expenditures listed in the new bill include 472,000,000 francs for artillery, 60,000,000 francs for the engineering corps, 2,000,000 francs for the commissariat, and 5,000,000 francs for first aid and hospital equipment, thus bringing a total of about 550,000,000 francs for land forces.

Mounted troops of General Franco's rebel army, are here pictured crossing a bridge that gives evidence of having been under fire, in the march on Madrid. The picture was made after the rebels had driven the Spanish defenders from Navalcarnero last month.

TOLEDO ATTACKED

FRENCH EMBASSY PLANE SHOT DOWN AT PASTRANA

Madrid, To-day.—Quiet conditions prevail on all fronts around Madrid while the insurgent air raids over the capital continue.

It is reported that a well-equipped Government column is harassing Toledo.

An aeroplane in the service of the French Embassy was shot down between Madrid and Toulouse at Pastrana, two newspaper correspondents being injured and a Red Cross representative wounded.

BREAK IN SHIPPING STRIKE?

Public Discussion Of Points At Issue

New York, To-day.—There are signs of progress towards the settlement of the shipping strike on the Pacific Coast. The coastal ship owners and Union representatives have agreed on a public discussion of the points at issue. Mr. McGrady stated that there were indications of a break in the strike.

STRIKE VIOLENCE IN FACTORY NEAR LILLE

Paris, To-day.—A hail of stones from strike pickets greeted the manager and officials of a motor factory near Lille when they attempted to let the strike breakers into the works. The manager, who was injured, applied to the Prefect to have the factory evacuated by a mobile guard and the premises have now been put under a military guard.

FORTHCOMING WEDDING

The forthcoming marriage is announced between Lieut. Ronald Harrison, Senior Clerk of H.M.S. Medway, and Peggy Isabel Morrow, of No. 7 Humphrey's Buildings.

HOUSE COLLAPSE

Forty Killed In Lisbon

Lisbon, To-day.—Forty people were killed and over 100 injured at a meeting of a catholic society in Leiria when the school-building in which the meeting was held, collapsed through overcrowding. Most of the victims were women and children.

Manila, To-day.—The provinces of Isabela and Cagayan, in the Cagayan River Valley, have been totally cut off from the outside world by the floods that followed the out of season typhoon which swept the islands on December 4.

Army planes took off at dawn this morning to survey the inundated areas. Meanwhile the fate of thousands of villagers in the Cagayan Valley remains unknown though the death toll is officially reported as enormous.

Government ships are rapidly loading food supplies in order to rush relief to the flood victims.

TOWN HOUSE TO BE DISPOSED OF

WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS AT CANNES

IMPORTANT DISCUSSIONS AT FORT BELVEDERE

Cannes, To-day.

Lord Brownlow, who is Lord-in-Waiting to His Majesty the King, stated last evening that Mrs. Simpson's solicitor, who arrived at Marseilles by air, was coming at his own suggestion, to discuss details regarding the disposal of Mrs. Simpson's town house as she had no intention of returning to London for a considerable time.

Lord Brownlow also stated that Mrs. Simpson is remaining at Cannes over Christmas and added that she was keeping well.

London: Important discussions are apparently proceeding at Fort Belvedere, where Mr. Stanley Baldwin arrived by car at 5.30 p.m. accompanied by Mr. Walter Monckton, legal adviser to the Duke of Cornwall, and, it is understood, Sir Eric Milville, the Duke of York's private secretary.

The Duke of Kent was already with His Majesty the King when the Duke of York's car entered the back gates of Fort Belvedere at 6.30 p.m. The occupant, however, was not identified.

London: After dinner it was stated that Mr. Baldwin returned to Downing Street from Fort Belvedere and that there would be no further meeting last night. An ordinary meeting of the Cabinet will be held at 11 a.m. to-day.

Major Alexander Hardinge, private secretary to His Majesty the King, drove to Lambeth Palace from Buckingham Palace last evening to see the Archbishop of Canterbury.

After dining with the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent and Mr. Baldwin left Fort Belvedere at 10.15 p.m. Sir John Simon arrived at No. 10, Downing Street at 9.30 p.m. to await the Premier's return.

PRESS VIEWS ON NEW ANGLE

"We Can Rejoice"

SPEDY END SEEN TO DISRUPTING CRISIS

London, To-day.—In a leading article the London Daily Telegraph states that the more one considers the consequences which will follow from a decision which entails abdication, the more one realises the sadness in which this country and the Dominions would be plunged.

The article further states that the King has a magnetic quality in his personal leadership, and the Dominions and India have been eagerly looking forward to welcoming him once more among them as their sovereign. If the whole programme had to be changed, the adjusting task would everywhere be undertaken with great reluctance.

"We are convinced that the general feeling throughout the Empire will be one of profound relief and thankfulness if the King's decision proves to be in accordance with the general desire, while the King's Ministers, who have felt bound by their sense of moral and political duty to refuse his request, will rejoice most of all."

CHANGED POSITION The Daily Mail says that Mrs. Simpson's proffered abandonment of "any action or proposal that would hurt or damage His Majesty or the Throne" changes the whole position. It opens up hope for a speedy end to this grave and disquieting crisis.

Mrs. Simpson now renders it possible for the King to continue upon the Throne and thus relieve the country and Empire from the heart-breaking loss which his abdication would involve.

The Daily Express, in the course of an editorial, says "we can rejoice." The crisis has passed into history and the King is still with us. No question of the Crown ever-riding the Cabinet has arisen, nor have the Ministers been imposed upon to surrender to the King on a highly personal issue.

London, To-day.—Much curiosity is being exhibited regarding a mystery aeroplane which left Croydon yesterday for Cannes. After an hour's delay, owing to bad weather conditions, the aeroplane flew on from Le Bourget despite the storm. The occupants are stated to be three men, and one report says they are Home Office officials.

A cordon of gendarmes guarded the aerodromes both at Le Bourget and Lyons, where the aeroplane was expected to refuel, and nobody was allowed to approach either aerodrome.

PASSENGERS NAMED A later message from Lyons states that the mystery plane, after refuelling, departed for Marseilles, while a message from the latter port stated that the mystery plane landed there with three passengers who are believed to be remaining until to-morrow. Marseilles is only 90 miles from Cannes by road.

The passengers are reported to be Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Theodore Goddard, Mrs. Simpson's solicitor and a clerk.

While the pilot and wireless operator of the mystery plane remained in the local airport, the three passengers travelled by taxi here and the plane is remaining at the airport until to-day.

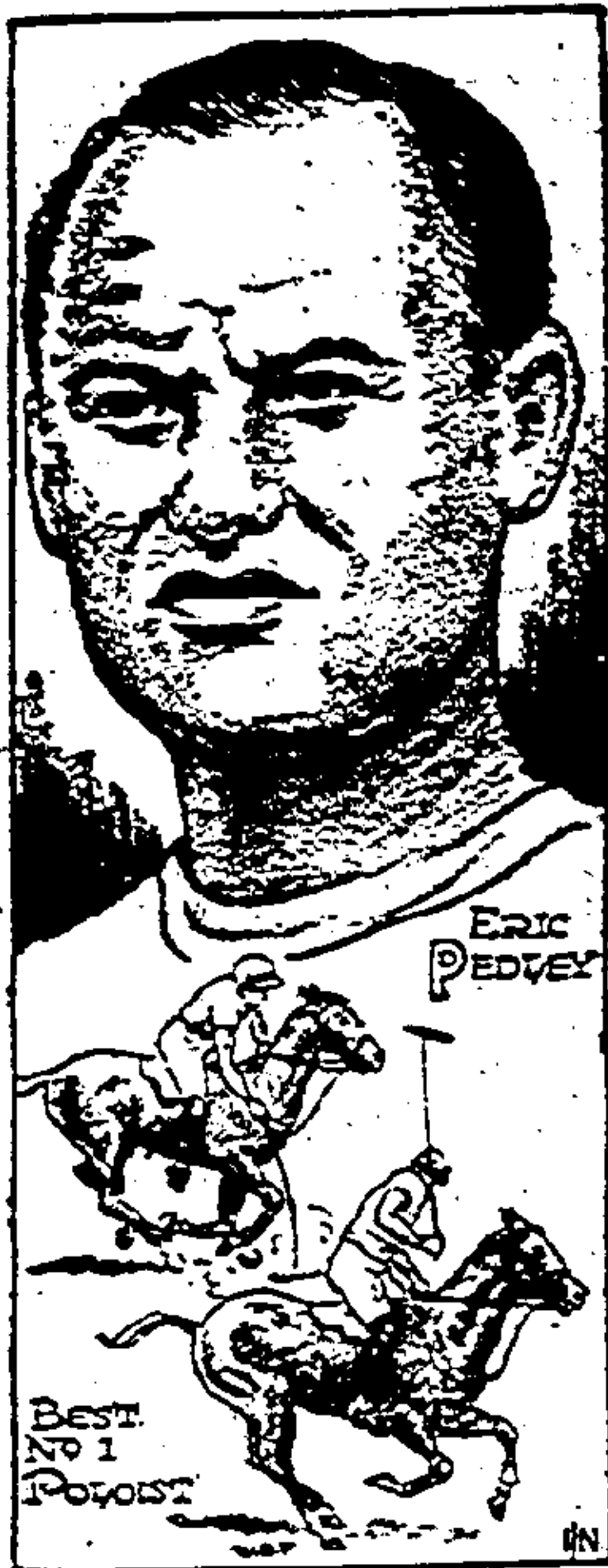
A later message from Marseilles states that the three passengers of the mystery plane, after having dinner at a local hotel, left by taxi for Cannes at 7.45 p.m.



Sporting Page



FINE SEND-OFF FOR TORQUAY'S NEW TENNIS COVERED COURTS



Eric Pedley, above, the United States polo team's brilliant No. 1, who was instrumental in them retaining the world famous Westchester Cup, has retained his polo handicap of 10 goals, which was given him prior to the recent series in England.

STEEL COULSON LEAGUE

Latest Snooker And Billiards Results

CATHOLIC UNION CLUB LEAD IN BOTH

The Catholic Union Club are maintaining their lead in both the Steel Coulson's Snooker and Billiards Leagues.

The following are the latest results in both Leagues:

'SNOOKER'

D.R.C.	R.N.Y.P.
Edwards.....	10 Stafford.....
Hussey.....	47 Downes.....
Ash.....	48 Philpotts.....
Smith.....	56 Nicholls.....
Waldie.....	45 Incombe.....

'SNOOKER LEAGUE TABLE'

C.U.C.	P.	F.	A.
R.E. Mess.....	10	33	11
P.O.A. Mess.....	7	18	17
R.W.F.....	4	16	4
D.R.C.....	7	14	21
Garr. Sgt's Mess.....	6	13	17
R.N.Y.P.....	6	13	17
R.A. Lyceum.....	8	13	27
C.S.C.C.....	7	12	23

'BILLIARDS'

D.R.C.	R.A. Lyceum
Atkins.....	68 Gammell.....
Lewis.....	101 Bloomfield.....
Ruth.....	113 Peck.....
Ash.....	120 Bilton.....
Marsh.....	150 Finkell.....

'C.U.C. v. D.R.C.'

Barros.....	124 Lewis.....
Xavier.....	150 Marsh.....
Remedios.....	150 Ruth.....
Jordan.....	150 Ash.....
Perkins.....	150 Smith.....

'C.S.C.C. v. P.O.A. Mess'

McGowan.....	150 Stanton.....
Rakusan.....	150 King.....
Murray.....	150 Randall.....
Grimmett.....	150 Grant.....
Phillips.....	144 Johnson.....

'BILLIARDS LEAGUE TABLE'

C.U.C.	P.	F.	A.
Garr. Sgt's Mess.....	8	31	9
R.A. Lyceum.....	6	23	7
C.S.C.C.....	7	22	13
R.W.F.....	5	15	10
R.E. Mess.....	7	12	23
D.R.C.....	9	11	24
P.O.A. Mess.....	8	7	33

'MAX SCHMELING IMPATIENT OVER DELAY'

Berlin, December 3.—In order to bring negotiations to a close with the present holder of the heavyweight world championship, James Braddock, Max Schmeling has decided to go to New York personally in order to deal directly with the New York boxing commission. Schmeling, who wants the fight to be held next June, will leave Germany to-morrow and hopes to start negotiations with the boxing commission on December 11.—Trans-Ocean Kuo Min.

WORLD TITLE BOUT FOR WEMBLEY

LYNCH AND MENTANO FOR JANUARY BOUT

TWO COUNTRIES CLAIM CHAMPION

(By HAROLD LEWIS)

London, November 17.

WEMBLEY announced yesterday another world's championship fight. At the Empire Pool in January, Benny Lynch, of Glasgow, will meet Small Montana, of America, for the world's fly-weight title.

This fight has been discussed for a long time. Our Boxing Control Board claim the world title for Lynch; in America it is claimed for Montana. The clash of views arises from the fact that some years ago two claimants to the title met in America and boxed a draw. They were Frankie Genaro and Midget Wolgast.

Genaro came to Europe, styled a champion, and was beaten under championship conditions by Young Perez, a Spaniard, who was knocked out later by Jackie Brown, of Manchester. Thus, with Lynch beating Brown, one "leg" of the title belongs to us. Montana has beaten Wolgast, and the other "leg" therefore belongs to him.

Contracts for the fight were yesterday forwarded to New York for signature, and Montana is expected to arrive in England shortly after Christmas.

Montana's real name is Benjamin Gan. He was born in 1913 and stands 5ft. 4in. His knock-out victories are comparatively few, and he has been outpointed by Wolgast in a non-title fight since he won Wolgast's "share" of the championship title.

The first round of the Country Club golf championship was played on Sunday and resulted as follows: E. Sadick beat A. E. H. Castro, four and three; B. A. Basto received a walk-over from H. K. Lee; F. E. Remedios beat A. W. da Roza, four and two; J. J. Basto beat A. Urquhart, five and three.

Starting times for Sunday are:

Junior Championship

10.30—W. G. Williams v B. Basto.

10.34—C. H. Suen v L. D'Almada.

10.38—C. E. Roza-Pereira v A. J. Kew.

10.42—A. G. Botelho v S. J. Fong.

Ladies' Championship

10.46—Mrs. A. E. H. Castro v Mrs. A. W. da Roza.

10.50—Mrs. F. E. Remedios v Mrs. L. D'Almada.

10.54—Mrs. A. L. Kew v Mrs. J. J. Basto.

10.58—Miss L. G. Abing v Miss O. Basto.

CAPTAIN'S CUP AT FANLING

Nineteen Players In The Draw

The following is the draw for the match play stages of the Captain's Cup competition held under the auspices of the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club, the first round of which must be played on or before December 27, the second on or before January 10 (1937), the third on or before January 24, the semi-final round on or before February 7 and the Final on February 21.

Byes into 2nd Round:

A. D. Humphreys (11) v A. Anderson (18).

G. S. Chambers (20) v D. L. Prophet (12).

H. H. Mundy (9) v B. D. Evans (10).

D. S. Robb (6).

First Round:

F. M. Ellis (16) v K. S. Robertson (4).

T. E. Rowell (15) v W. L. Alexander (14).

J. E. Macle (9) v E. K. Rouns (11).

Ryan into 2nd Round:

G. A. Stewart (15) c. A. V. Greaves (20).

A. H. E. Buncher (18) v W. Sharp (12).

D. J. Gilmore (6) v H. N. Williamson (13).

The first named player in each bracket is the challenger and is responsible for arranging dates.

Handicaps as above throughout.

Handicaps as above throughout.

Handicaps as above throughout.

Handicaps as above throughout.

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Handicaps as above throughout.

Handicaps as above throughout.

AMERICA'S 1,365,000 GOLFERS

Seventy-Five New Courses Laid During Year

New York, November 17.—Statistics issued here show that 1,365,000 persons played golf during the last season. Private courses were played upon by 361,000 and 501,000 played on public courses. During the season 52,191,632 rounds of golf were played on 5,631 courses, and 10,934,364 golf balls were sold to the golfers.

Seventy-five new courses, costing \$1,200,000 were laid out by the Works Progress Administration, a form of Government relief. These figures show an appreciable increase over the preceding season.

MIXED DOUBLES BADMINTON

St. John's To Meet Kowloon Tong

H. KEW STRENGTHENS HOME CLUB

A very good match in the Mixed Doubles Badminton League will probably be seen at Kowloon Tong to-night, when the Kowloon Tong Club entertain St. John's Club in their postponed fixture.

Kowloon Tong, who have managed to win only three games in two matches since the commencement of the League, will be considerably strengthened to-night by the services of H. Kew, who played for St. Andrew's last season. Playing his first game this season, Kew will be partnered with Mrs. A. E. H. Castro, and this pair should be undefeated.

Taking the place of Mrs. A. L. Barlow, Miss Muriel Smith will be partnered by G. A. Smith. As usual, Miss G. L. Doig will partner the Rev. A. J. Bennett, while Miss Peggy McCaw will be playing with David Kwok.

Kowloon Tong: H. Kew and Mrs. A. E. H. Castro; E. E. Lee and Miss Xavier; and N. A. E. Mackay and Miss T. Gonzalez.

St. John's: G. A. Smith and Miss M. Smith; A. J. Bennett and Miss G. L. Doig; David Kwok and Miss Peggy McCaw.

SUNDAY SOCCER

Volunteers To Meet Stonecutters

The following have been selected to represent the Coast Defence Unit of the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps in a football match with Stonecutters on the Kowloon football ground on Sunday at 10.30 a.m.—Fogwill, Bowen and Everest; Millington, Boyd, Rocha; L. Rocha, A. Hussain, D. Leonard, E. Strange and L. Fernandes. Reserves: Leppard and Stevens. Sergeant Ialey will referee the game.

VOLUNTEERS AT FOOTBALL

The following have been selected to represent the Coast Defence Unit of the Hong Kong Volunteer Corps in their friendly football match against Stonecutters on the Kowloon Football ground (by kind permission), on Sunday at 10.30 a.m.—Sergeant Ialey will referee the game.

Fogwill (Engineers); Bowen ("T" Section) and Everest (Engineers); Millington ("A" Section); Boyd (Engineers); Rocha ("T" Section); L. Rocha ("T" Section); A. Hussain ("T" Section); D. Leonard ("T" Section); E. Strange ("A" Section) and L. Fernandes ("T" Section). Reserves: Leppard ("A" Section) and Stevens ("A" Section).

CHAMPIONS SEEN IN EXHIBITIONS

LOBBING PRESENTS NO DIFFICULTIES

NEW DAVIS CUP TRAINING CENTRE?

(By A. WALLIS MYERS)

London, November 16.

A COVERED court that permits lobbing without penalty. Such is the new arena for weatherproof lawn tennis, which Mr. Roper Barrett, captain of the British Davis Cup team, opened on Saturday at the Palace Hotel, Torquay.

The roof is higher than any in England, and what is more important, has no supporting pillars to cast shadows over the surface when play is pursued by artificial light. The Palace indoor courts are indeed, luxury courts, and one is not surprised to hear that the cost of construction was over £12,000.

The surface is of American white wood, painted green, and there is so much clear space for the "surrounds" that hundreds of spectators could, if necessary, stand between the two courts. But they are not asked to stand at Torquay. Manifold cushioned seats surround the building above the play; the accommodation is worthy of a championship event.

At the opening ceremony Sir John Amory, who was accompanied by Miss Joyce Wethered—they had played nine holes of golf in the morning—introduced Mr. Roper Barrett, who was accompanied by the Davis Cup, which was on view.

The admission charge went to the fund for local charities, for which exhibition matches were played.

Mr. Barrett made a happy speech, lightened with wit, and ending with a hope that this new well-equipped nursery in the West Country would provide a recruit for the Davis Cup defending team. He paid a deserving tribute to the organising labours of Mr. Harold Michelmore, Devonshire's representative of the Lawn Tennis Association.

Miss Stammers' Match

Over 1,000 watched the matches, which were both varied and stimulating. In a singles contest between Senorita Lizana and Miss Stammers, which may be a rehearsal of next week's tournament, two sets were divided with the identical scores of 6-2.

Before she became reconciled to the artificial light, the Chilean champion found it difficult to parry the fine cross-court thrusts of Miss Stammers, whose backhand drive was unusually strong. Then the boot was on the other leg. It was Senorita Lizana who commanded the court with winning shots; but the tennis was always of good quality.

Fine Send-Off

G. P. Hughes and H. G. N. Lee, renewing a Davis Cup partnership, won two hard-hitting "vantage sets" against F. H. D. Wilde and D. W. Butler, and Miss D. Round and Miss M. Healey waged a level foursome, which was stopped at one set all, against the Wimbledon champions, Miss Stammers and Miss James.

Miss M. Hardwicke and Miss N. Lyle took part in other exhibition matches. The new enterprise could not have had a better send-off.

Yesterday, when the exhibition matches were continued, Hughes and Lee beat Wilde and Hare by 2-6, 7-5, 6-4. The younger pair played irresistible tennis in the first set, but the loss of Hare's service from 40-love in the second, marked a decline, and clever tactics of Hughes gained a narrow victory.

HOCKEY MATCH OFF

We have been asked by Mr. G. Sommer, of the Hong Kong Hockey Club, to state that their Triangular Tournament Hockey match against the Navy, which was to have been played on the Navy ground this afternoon, has been postponed owing to the fact that four of the Club players are not available.

Fine Sports Career



M. de V. SOARES was born in Hong Kong and educated at St. Joseph's College and at the American Jesuit's College, Manila. He is a very keen physical culturist and an experienced oarsman, being a member of the senior rowing crew of the Victoria Recreation Club. He has represented the Club in all the Interport regattas against the Canton Rowing Club, and also the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club since 1929. Amongst the most recent events he won were the Trial Cup, Chairman's Cup, and the Challenge Cup for Junior Pairs.

As a water-polo player, he plays as goalkeeper for the V.R.C. first team. He captained the V.R.C. second team in the Water-Polo League (now defunct), and figured prominently in many major games in the Colony. He represented the V.R.C. in the unofficial Interport match against the Foreign "Y", Shanghai, in 1933, and in 1935 represented the "Rest of the Colony" team against the Shanghai Interport team.

Soares is a powerful and very keen swimmer, and is a qualified life-guard. He was awarded the Bronze Medallion by the Royal Life Saving Society in 1930.

In his school days, track and field events, football, and baseball were his favourite sports. He played for St. Joseph's and Recreio in the Second Division of the Football League, and has also played baseball for Recreio in the Baseball League.

Whilst in Manila, Soares played baseball for his College in the annual College versus Faculty match in Baguio. He is also a keen boxer, and indulged in this sport while in Manila.

A keen Volunteer and a good rifle shot, Soares won the cross-gun and star, a badge awarded annually to the best rifle shot in the Company, also the star and L. G. Badge, a badge awarded to the best Lewis-gun shot in the Company. He twice represented the Portuguese Company in the annual Interport shoot against the Shanghai Volunteers.

He is taking up badminton seriously, and has been playing for the V.R.C. since the beginning of the Badminton League.

AUSTRALIA WANT TO KEEP WARD

Will Join Sir Julien Cahn's Team

Adelaide, November 17.—Efforts are being made here to dissuade Frank Ward, State slow bowler, from his intention to go to England to play for Sir Julien Cahn's team.

Following his recent displays Ward is regarded as a strong Test choice. His season's total of wickets is 28 for 511. Many critics consider him superior to Grimmett.

Ward said to-day: "I do not think any offer made to me here would compare with the one I have accepted from overseas. It has taken me six years to reach the front rank in cricket, and after my three years with Sir Julien Cahn, I want to go into business."

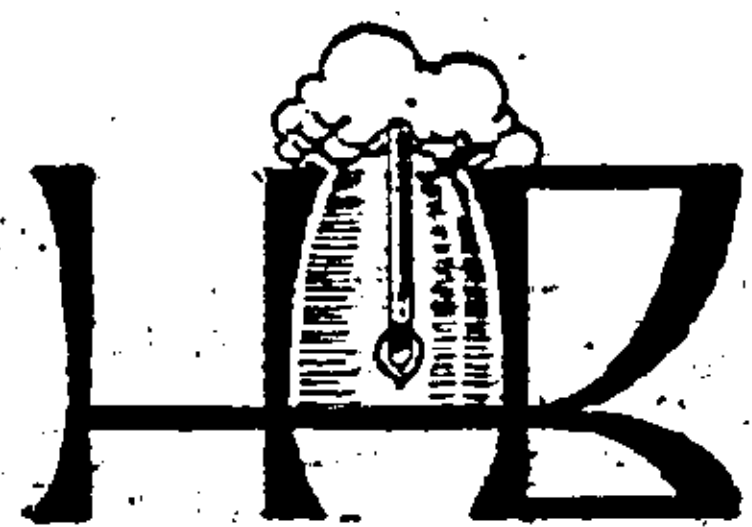
TO DRINK CALDBECK'S GOLDEN LAGER

IS TO ECONOMISE
WITH SAFETY

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STEVE DONOGHUE RETIRES

HAS SON WHO IS
TRAINER

RODE WINNER ON
52ND BIRTHDAY

(By "ECHO")

London, November.

So many veteran jockeys have announced their retirements lately that people are beginning to ask questions about Steve Donoghue, the "daddy" of them all.

Steve has not said anything yet about his plans for the winter and the next flat season, but it will be remembered that some three years ago Sir Victor Sassoon invited him to set up as a trainer.

Donoghue replied that he was good enough for another year or two in the saddle, and he has proved it. October 15 last was his birthday, and he celebrated the completion of his 52nd year by riding a winner.

Steve's long innings is remarkable. Trainers frequently have sons who are jockeys, but Donoghue, a jockey, has a son, Pat, who is a trainer. Pat, Donoghue, in fact, is the only trainer with a jockey father, and he looks twice his father's size.



The big stars in the professional tennis world with the founder of the biggest tennis, W. T. "Big Bill" Tilden, second from right. On the extreme left is George M. Lott, and Lester Stetten, former Wimbledon doubles-champion, while on the extreme right is H. Ellsworth Vines, who was recently seen in Hong Kong in exhibition matches with Tilden.

CAMBRIDGE WIN IN MUD

THRILLING RUGBY ENCOUNTER AT TWICKENHAM

London, To-day.

Before a crowd of 25,000 spectators, which was smaller than usual, Cambridge University yesterday won the sixty-first Inter-Varsity Rugby Classic by two tries (6 points) to a goal (5 points) under miserable conditions, the game being played in heavy rain on a slippery turf, while the ball was very greasy.

There were no last-minute changes in the teams.

Oxford were featured in an early attack and Grieve, their fly-half, narrowly missed scoring with an attempt at a drop-goal. The fast footwork of the Oxford forwards enabled them to attack strongly, and Boos, one of their forwards, missed a golden chance of scoring when he failed to take a short pass.

After spasmodic Cambridge raids Macdonald, their left-wing threequarter, was grassed two yards from the Oxford line after 25 minutes. Play was then transferred to the other end, where Downes, the Light Blues' back, fumbled, and Renwick, the Oxford right-wing threequarter, picked up and crossed the Cambridge line with several opponents hanging on. Brett added the goal points.

TURNING POINT

It was from this stage that the game turned in favour of Cambridge, who fought back marvellously, scoring twice within five minutes to take the lead.

Boden, the Cambridge left-centre threequarter, cut through and, when about to be tackled near the corner flag, sent a long reverse pass back to Wilson, one of their forwards who was following up, who took a bullet-like pass to cross the Oxford line. Forest, however, failed to add the goal points.

From a free kick Macdonald received the ball in his own half and then made a brilliant run down the touchline which culminated in a try when he caught Freakes, the Oxford back, on the wrong foot, but Forest again failed to convert and at the interval Cambridge led by 6 points to 5.

The second half saw some stirring play, Percy, the Oxford left-wing threequarter, breaking through only to be tackled by Forest and Downes simultaneously.

WONDERFUL KICK

Oxford continued to attack and a wonderful kick to touch by Freakes, their full-back, placed them a yard from the Cambridge line, but the danger was averted.

Freakes' kicking was tremendous, and if Oxford had not been penalised so often, they would probably have scored many tries.

Cambridge were given little breathing space, but their forwards, with the ball at their feet, relieved many dangerous situations.

During a rush Inglis, one of their forwards, injured his knee and retired for a few minutes.

DRAMATIC FINISH

There was a terrific struggle during the closing stages, while the Cambridge forwards and backs went the whole length of the field, only to fall when a penalty kick taken by Brett dropped a foot short of the Dark Blues' posts. Boden picking up on his own line to touch down. "No-side" was given soon after.

Cambridge thus won a grand game in spite of the poor conditions by 6 points to 5.—Renter.

Oxford: Freakes (Rhode's University); Renwick (Loretto), Walford (Rugby), Burton (Trent College), Percy (Uppingham); Grieve (Appleforth) and Cooke (Steward School); Brett (Durham School), McGrath (Stonyhurst), Roos (Stalingscoach University), Reid (Uppingham), Marshall (Giggleswick), Cooper (Massey Agricultural College) (Captain), Bloxham (Nuneaton) and Hughes (Lampeter).

Cambridge: Downes (Rydal); Rawlence (Wellington), Forest (St. Rethallan), Boden (Uppingham) and Macdonald (Rhuddell); Kemp (Dover), and Low (Dover); Laberde (Barrow), Inglis (Rugby), Young (City of London), Heath (Clifton), Campbell (King's School, Paramatta), Chadwick (Tonbridge), Wilson (Fejtes) and Parry (Llandovery).

OXFORD'S 27 WINS

Of the 61 matches played to date, Oxford have won 27, Cambridge 23, while 11 have been drawn. Last year's encounter, which was also played on the famous Twickenham ground, was featured by the brilliant tackling of the Oxford backs, which prevented a score in the face of an equally brilliant Cambridge threequarter line, which included Woolley, a Welsh International, and Fyfe, Scottish International, while Cliff Jones, the Welsh International stand-off-half, was also serving the Light Blues.

The Oxford team had Prince Obelensky, hero of the England-New Zealand match, on their right touchline, and it was a brilliant tackle of his which prevented Woolley from scoring in the last minute of the game.

The following have been the results during the last 10 years:—

(Continued at foot of next Col.)

BRITISH GOLFERS IN AMERICA THOMSON AND McLEAN GIVEN MANY TIPS AMERICAN-SIZED BALL BETTER

London, November 10.

HECTOR Thomson, the amateur champion, and Jack McLean probably received more friendly hints from American professionals during their short visit to America with the Walker Cup team than in a whole life time in Britain.

Thomson himself declares that only now has he learned to strike the ball properly for all strokes. Jack McLean is not a long hitter, as long-hitting is regarded these days, and he has been trying to put on ten to twenty yards from the tee.

Many Americans, including Bobby Jones, advised him not to alter his swing, to let this elusive twenty yards remain at the foot of the rainbow, but to keep the ball on the fairway, as he does now.

McLean is a beautiful iron shot player—his accuracy is impressive. Bobby Jones told McLean to let the yards look after themselves, and to practise and tighten up his short game with pitches and putts. It is of interest to players that Jack McLean declares he played better golf with the American-sized ball than he did in Scotland.

FEDERATION OF GOLF UNIONS

Championships Will Now Be Regulated

"EUROPEAN CALENDAR" IN THE MAKING

(By "ECHO")

London, November 27.

There is now a Federation of Golf Unions. A meeting was held in Luxembourg on November 14 to inaugurate the union, the object of which is to regularise championship meetings throughout Europe, so as to avoid clashes.

Something of the sort has long been needed. The big tournaments on the Continent could be given a more even spread to suit golfers coming from abroad. And as all tournaments seek leading golfers, the organisers will suit their ends better by a "get-together" movement.

The English Golf Union accepted an invitation to attend the gathering in Luxembourg, and if the result is a "European golf calendar" which, as far as possible, suits the convenience of all countries, the game will be better off.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB SETS PRECEDENT

New Malden L.T.C.'s Monthly Paper

(By "THE TWELFTH MAN")

London, November 11.

I do not recall a lawn tennis club publishing its own monthly paper, so that the New Malden L.T.C. in issuing *Courtiels*, has probably broken new ground.

The little paper is edited by one of the joint-hon. secretaries of the club, Mr. W. S. E. Dailley, who happens to be also the county secretary of the Surrey L.T.A. with a seat on the L.T.A. council. All the many activities of the New Malden Club, badminton, billiards, bridge and squash, as well as tennis, at their headquarters, Courtlands, on the Kingston By-Pass, are adequately covered.

OPERATION ON WILSON

Wilson, Brentford back, who returned to the League team recently following injury, broke down again at Middlesbrough. He was examined by a specialist yesterday, and will go into hospital for a cartilage operation.

LEICESTER'S NEW FORWARD

Leicester City, who have six first-team men on the injured list, have signed E. Stubbs, a forward from Nottingham Forest.

ROSSLYN PARK'S NEW GROUND

Bart's Also Seeking Fresh Fields

PARK'S FUNDS REACH HALF-WAY MARK

(By HALF-RACE)

London, November 13.

All sorts of wild rumours have been in circulation about the suggested removal of Rosslyn Park from Richmond. The facts are that in two years' time, unless there are unforeseen complications, Rosslyn Park will be playing on a new and up-to-date ground at East Molesey, about five minutes' walk from Hampton Court Station.

There will be room for at least three pitches there, a matter of vital importance to a club which has the largest playing membership of any Rugby club in the world.

For Rugby Union

At a meeting of the Park's special sub-committee in London last night negotiations were brought to a point where little remains to be done, and the matter will come before the full committee on Monday week. I understand, too, that the Rugby Union will discuss it this week.

The Park's ground fund has reached between £4,000 and £4,500, about half the total needed, so that there will be no difficulties in that direction.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of the club depends on this move, for the Old Deer Park is Crown land and the club's lease expires in nine years.

Bart's Have To Move

I hear that Bart's have been given notice to quit Winchmore Hill, the ground having been acquired as an open space and children's playground. This will be a blow for Bart's, as although they have been amply compensated, they will have much difficulty in finding a suitable pitch.

The action of the Rosslyn Park committee is obviously a wise one, lest a similar fate befall them. In the Hampton Court district Rosslyn Park would be in a similar position to Blackheath—the only first-class club in a wide area, and with a following of their own.

MATCH FOR LACEY BROTHERS

London, November 13.—Arthur Lacey and his brother Charles, who is in England on four months' leave from his Long Island club, have agreed to play a 36-holes golf match against James Adams (Bromford) runner-up in this year's Open Championship, and Cecil Denny, the Thorpe Hall professional. The match will be played at Thorpe Hall next month.

MISS STAMMERS WINS

London, November 13.—Miss K. E. Stammers, Britain's number two player, won her first round match against Miss N. B. Brown in the women's singles in the Torquay covered courts tournament to-day. Miss Stammers won by 6-4, 6-2 and joined another international player, Miss R. M. Hardwick, in the second round. Miss Hardwick beat Miss E. Devereux 6-4, 6-3.

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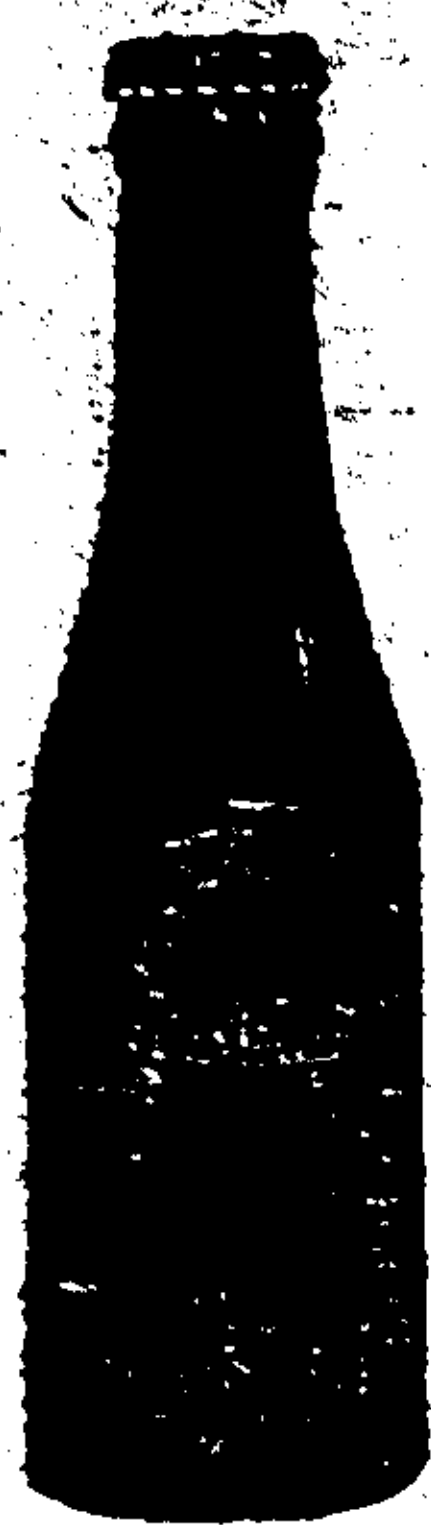
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1936	Cambridge	6-3



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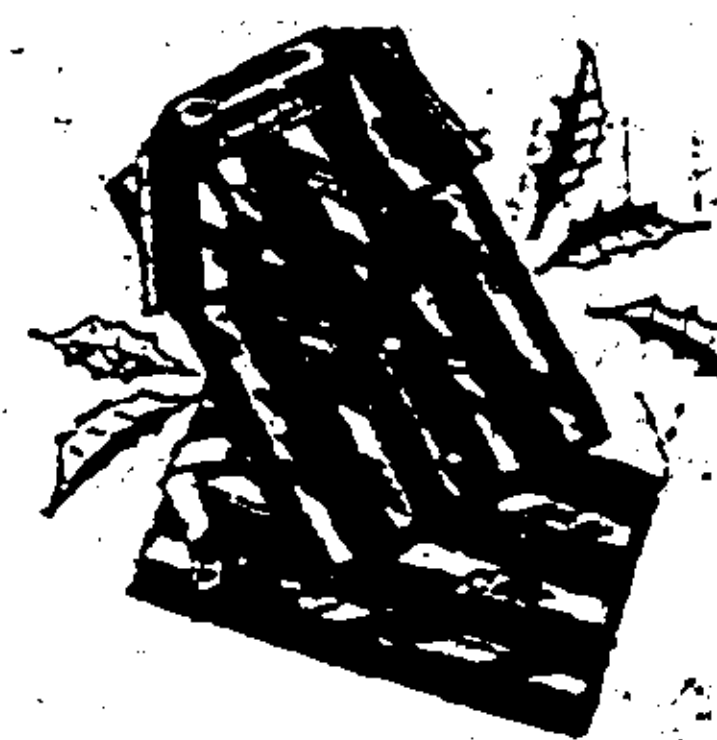
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DEATH

CALDECOTT, At Worthing, Sussex, on Monday, 7th December, 1936, the Rev. Andrew Caldecott, aged 83.

Hong Kong, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1936.

Political Intolerance

The Public Order Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday without a division, and its important provisions will now be placed on the Statute Book to operate forthwith. They are important because they represent the unusual course in England of legislation providing for an encroachment on the rights of public meetings and freedom of speech. They also put new powers into the hands of the police — a direct encouragement of that system of bureaucratic control which Lord Hewart inveighed against in a book published some years ago. When the measure was first introduced into Parliament though the various parties showed themselves to be in general agreement with the objects of the Bill there was general regret at the necessity for the legislation. Sir John Simon stated the real problem when he said that the adherents of extremist doctrines, whatever the colour, deny to others the right to hold a different opinion. They ask for toleration while unwilling to extend it to opponents. That attitude puts in jeopardy the public expression of any opinion at all, and the purpose of the Bill is to arrest its growth before it becomes a danger.

The particular genius of the British people which is sometimes alluded to as "muddling through" is more than a negative virtue — it is an active and most valuable principle of political usage because it is based on the one attribute which makes life bearable, tolerance. That Mrs. Humphry Ward once talked of tolerance as "Laodicean cant" does nothing to disprove this statement; rather it helps to confirm it. All persecution, especially religious or political, is based on narrow, wicked, sinful intolerance — that starved creed which refuses to contemplate any opinion but its own and with tight-lipped ferocity strives to bend others to its way of thinking. The water-tight compartments into which the various sects of Christianity are divided exemplify the creed in all its spiritual narrowness; in politics, it has been the direct cause of dictatorships and persecutions as we see them to-day. There is no place for it in the democratic, liberal, eminently fair and sane political conditions of Great Britain.

It is because these principles have been seriously menaced by our tinpot Fascists and their direct methods of intimidation that the Bill to safeguard the public liberties in England was engendered and passed. It is significant that its passage through Parliament was effected without a division — first-hand proof, if that were needed, that the political intolerance which our extremist political parties sought to thrust upon the public life were thoroughly mistrusted by all reasonable men. The whole of our political society is based on the theory — and a very good one it is, too — that a man's opinions are his own affair; that he shall not be forced by threats or intimidation to subscribe to a creed which he conscientiously rejects. The public challenge is

EXPLANATIONS OF TO-DAY'S CARTOON

The Persistent Ballet Fan

KONSTANTIN Skalkowski (1843-1906), famous author and theatrical critic of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), was a ballet fan of some power. According to his accurately kept records he witnessed 30,000 performances of the Russian Imperial Ballet in 50 years of activity. He boasted of being the only man who ever witnessed 1260 successive performances of the ballet "Konjok Gorbunok" with the same unflagging interest as he evinced at its premiere.

A Law-Abiding Animal

The vicuna, a most fleet-footed animal whose habitat in the Andes from Ecuador to the Argentine, can leap 20 feet into the air. But for some strange reason it will never cross or break a string placed in its path. The Indians stretch lines of twine across the deserts. The twine serves as an effective barrier which the vicunas will never try to cross or break. There is an opening a few feet wide at the end of that line. Toward this opening the vicunas will rush from miles around to be clubbed to death by waiting hunters.

MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE

Wharf Coolie To Stand Trial

A 21-year-old wharf coolie, Li Sai-ho, was committed to stand his trial at the December Sessions by Mr. E. H. Hemsworth, at Kowloon Magistrate's court morning, when a charge of manslaughter was preferred against him. The accused, who was supposed to make a statement this morning, said that if the Magistrate would deal with the case at the Magistrate's court, he would reserve his defence. Accused also said that he would produce witnesses when his case comes up at the Sessions. Mr. E. H. Williams, Assistant Attorney-General, was conducting the case for the Crown.

OBITUARY

First Baron Of Islington

London, To-day. The death occurred here yesterday of John Poynder Dickinson, First Baron of Islington, at the age of 70 years. He was a former Governor-General of New Zealand and also Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies — *Butcher's Bulletin Service*.

The First Baron of Islington was born in 1866 and was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford. He served in South Africa in 1900 when he won the Queen's Medal and three clasps. He was Governor-General of New Zealand from 1910 till 1912 and Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1914 to 1915, and Parliamentary Under-Secretary of India from 1915 to 1918.

Father Of H.E. The Governor

It is learned with regret that His Excellency the Governor (Sir Andrew Caldecott) received word yesterday of the death of his father the Rev. Andrew Caldecott, at Worthing, Sussex. The Rev. Andrew Caldecott was 83 years of age. He passed away on Monday.

of political uniformity is declared taboo, and political groups are offered protection against vexatious proceedings attempted by private individuals. The Bill will certainly not be challenged except possibly on the score that something of personal liberty has been sacrificed. But this has been done in order that the larger remainder should be salvaged, and on all sides the necessity was recognized of breaking new powers if any large measure of liberty is to be preserved. This legislation which has been introduced is a moment too soon.

Here There and Everywhere

SEVEN BISHOPS AGREED

The "Bishop's Remedy" which Paulines enjoyed recently via the name given at St. Paul's School to a holiday granted the boys on the demand of a bishop.

Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's in 1509, laid it down that the 153 scholars at the school should be industrious in their pursuit of learning. He therefore ordained that a minimum of holidays should be allowed them.

But the school statutes contained a provision that a Bishop or Archbishop might demand a holiday for the boys and that this demand could not be refused by the High Master.

The King, when Prince of Wales, visited the school to give away prizes at "Apposition," and requested that the boys be given a week's holiday. The High Master was bound to refuse the request. As there were seven bishops present and each demanded "his remedy" the boys got a week's holiday just the same.

ARMS TRAFFIC IN DARDANELLES

Destination Remains Unknown

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL

Istanbul, To-day.

Five Soviet and one Spanish freighter passed through the Dardanelles between December 4 and 8, while six empty Soviet ships passed through on return trips during the same period. The ships were loaded up to the decks and the forms of tanks and lorries, which were covered with tarpaulin, could be distinguished.

It is stated that the Soviet ships always gave a wrong destination, naming usually an Italian or German port, and that on their return trips the ships' masters would invariably report that they had come from one of these ports. — *Trans-Ocean Service*.

PORTUGAL NOT GIVING UP ANGOLA

Berlin, To-day. — The reports which have appeared in foreign papers during the past few days to the effect that negotiations have been going on between Portugal and Germany for the transfer of

SITUATION IN THE PACIFIC FORTIFICATIONS BY ALL THREE POWERS

CHAINS OF STEEL LINK TINY
ISLANDS TOGETHER

(By Hanson W. Baldwin)

WITHIN less than a month — at the end of 1936 — two treaties limiting naval armaments will expire, and with them will die, unless extended in the meantime, Article XIX of the Washington Treaty of 1922, which for 14 years has prevented the strengthening, and has maintained the status quo, of the fortifications and naval bases of the United States, Great Britain and Japan over a vast area of the Pacific. To prevent a quickening of the naval race, Britain has proposed that Article XIX, limiting and restricting as it does an essential element of sea power, be renewed.

The official reaction in Washington was apparently none too favourable.

The Japanese reaction to the British overture also was lukewarm, according to press reports.

Hence within a few weeks, unless the diplomats of the three principal sea Powers can reach an agreement, the nations may commence linking their Pacific interests with chains of steel.

The process, in fact, has already begun, had begun even at the time of the signing of the Washington Treaty, for Article XIX specifically exempted from the status quo prohibitions the Hawaiian Islands, any American continental and coastal points (except the Aleutian Islands, which are included in the prohibited area), any British possessions west of 110 degrees east longitude (meaning Singapore) and any British bases along or adjacent to the coasts of Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Restrictions On Japan

Japan was specifically prohibited from further fortifying the Portuguese colony of Angola to Germany are completely false, according to information obtained here from reliable quarters. — *Trans-Ocean Service*.

or improving in a naval way the Kurile Islands, the Bonin Islands, Amami-Oshima, the Loochoo Islands, Formosa and the Pescadores, and any insular territories or possessions in the Pacific Ocean which Japan may hereafter acquire. The prohibition, however, did not extend to the Japanese islands proper.

Before the ink was dry on the Washington Treaty Singapore was growing into what it is to-day — the most formidable base of all time.

Japan strengthened her home naval bases and despite the treaty "developed" in particular, Formosa and the Caroline, Marshall and Mariana Islands, mandated to her by the League of Nations and lying — a "milky way" of atolls and islets — directly across American trade routes to the Philippines.

Japan was charged at Geneva with fortifying these islands, but denied the charges. Japan admits, however, and travellers attest that she has made thorough surveys of the islands, that so-called commercial wharves have been built, that channels and harbours have been dredged and other work which does not violate the letter of Article XIX has been accomplished.

About Formosa and the Pescadores less is known, but there has been, particularly since 1930, much Japanese naval activity in this region; there are bases or stations at Bako and Taiwan; an aeroplane base, or landing field, has been laid out within easy flying range of the northernmost islands of the Philippine archipelago, and probably considerable harbour improvements have been made.

The United States, for its part, has not been idle. Since 1922 her naval facilities along the West Coast have been greatly expanded and strengthened, until now all important

(Continued on Page 7)

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POPE'S CONDITION CONTINUES TO SHOW IMPROVEMENT

Rome, To-day.—The condition of His Holiness Pope Pius is continuing to improve, according to a report issued from the Vatican yesterday. Physicians are still in constant attendance, however, and the Pope will probably be confined to bed for several days before being allowed to move about.—Trans-Ocean Service.

APPLICATION ON SEVERAL ORDERS

Leave Granted In Supreme Court

EQUITABLE CHARGE MADE IN 1914

Before His Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Abell MacGregor, at the Supreme Court this morning, Messrs. J. H. Seth and S. H. Ross, Receivers and Managers of the estate and effects of Lau Ping, deceased, represented by Mr. Leo D'Almada e Castro Jr., instructed by Messrs. G. K. Hall, Brutton and Co., were given liberty to apply against Lau Yuk-chuek on several orders.

The plaintiffs' action was against Lau Lam-shi, executrix of the will of Lau Yuen-fong, alias Lau Shung-nin, deceased, and Lau Yuk-chuek, administrator de bonis non of the estate of Lau Ping, deceased.

Mr. Murphy, Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, and Mr. W. J. Lockhart Smith, Assistant Land Officer, testified on behalf of the plaintiffs.

The latter produced a Register of Inland Lot No. 1324, showing an equitable charge made on November 17, 1914. He stated that there was no record of a memorial of satisfaction to show that the sum of \$50,000 had been repaid and as far as he knew it was still owing the estate.

Mr. Leo D'Almada said that on August 4, 1914 an equitable charge was executed on Inland Lot No. 1324 and on other properties which did not affect this claim. The books of Lau Yuk-chuek when examined by the Receivers showed that a sum in trade to the equivalent of \$50,000 was still owing the estate.

Counsel produced the judgment of Sir Joseph Kemp, former Chief Justice of Hong Kong, on an original jurisdiction, which established the fact that the money was advanced out of Lau Ping's estate and up till August 19, 1930, the money had not been repaid.

Mr. A. el Atcuili, solicitor for Lau Lam-shi, testified that he had conducted of Original Jurisdiction No. 88 and was still acting on her behalf. He had had correspondence with Messrs. Wilkinson and Grist and, even after the judgment of Sir Joseph Kemp, the matter of repayment was broached between them, but insofar as he knew no repayment had been made.

Mr. J. H. Seth, who was appointed together with Mr. S. H. Ross as Receiver and Manager of the said estate and effects, stated that he had been through the books of Lau Yuk-chuek and had found no repayment of the sum of \$50,000. The account books had been kept up to February, 1934. From the day of his appointment to now no sum had been paid in respect of the equitable charge.

Counsel's Submissions: Counsel then submitted that His Lordship was entitled to make the following charges:

That the claim for declaration that the sum of \$50,000 advanced to Un Ting-tsun and Lau Yuk-chuek, secured by an equitable charge on certain lands was advanced out of money belonging to the estate of Lau Ping.

That the said sum of money is still due and owing under the equitable charge.

That an order that the plaintiffs of one of them do exercise the power of sale contained in the equitable charge.

That an order that the first defendant, as executrix, and the second defendant do execute any necessary assignment or assignments of the lands or any other necessary deeds or documents, or that some person be appointed by the Court to execute the same in the event of either defendant refusing to do so.

Counsel said that Lau Lam-shi had represented to the plaintiffs and asked for liberty to apply against the second defendant.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES

TO SUPPRESS BANDITS

Generalissimo Discusses Plans With Officers

PROPOSAL TO RE-CAPTURE LOST TERRITORIES

Canton, To-day.—On Monday afternoon Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek held a very important conference at Sian, the capital of Shensi Province, to discuss the question of bandit suppression. Among those present were General Chen Sheng, the newly appointed Vice-Minister of War, General Yang Fu-chen, Pacification Commissioner for Shensi, General Chue Pei-teh, Director of Military Education, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, Acting Commander of Bandit Suppression in North-western China, and a number of other high military officials.

It is learned that General Chen Sheng has been instructed to go back to Suiyuan after the conference to direct the offensive on Shangtu so as to recover the lost territories of North Chahar, in conjunction with General Fu Chai-ye, the Chairman of Suiyuan Province.—By A. Special Correspondent.

TOLEDO ATTACKED

(Continued from Page 1)

Increased Activity Near San Sebastian

Paris: The gallant defender of the Alcazar in Toledo, General Moscarda, arrived at San Sebastian yesterday. At the same time it is reported that increased activity has developed again in this section of the front. Near Bellas, the Republican forces made repeated determined attacks against the positions held by General Franco's forces, but they have met with no success up to the present.

Another bombardment was made on Madrid yesterday morning according to a broadcast message from the Seville radio station.—Trans-Ocean Service.

Franco Preparing Big Attack On Madrid

Paris: All reports received here yesterday from Madrid and the Spanish front indicate that General Franco is preparing to launch a big offensive and that his intention is known to the authorities in Madrid, where corresponding military measures are being taken. The papers in Madrid print warnings to the inhabitants of the capital that the new big offensive will put all its predecessors in the shade insofar as bitterness is concerned.

Considerable reinforcements, it is stated, have arrived during the last few days and consist not only of more Moors from Spanish Morocco, but also of voluntary Fascist formations which, in the meantime, have been given more military training.—Trans-Ocean Service.

PRISONERS IN SPAIN: London: Simultaneously with the return of the delegation of members of the British Parliament from Spain, the Times published yesterday a despatch from their Madrid correspondent, describing the situation of the prisoners held by the Valencia Government forces in Madrid.

The prison authorities state that they were only able to produce 13 captured regular soldiers to show to the British party, since all the volunteers who were taken prisoners were summarily shot while the captured regulars were detained and enrolled as members of the militia forces.

The majority of the prisoners comprise reserve and retired officers, while some of them are politicians, writers, priests and nuns. Many of both groups, however, have been shot for although they were nominally prisoners of the Government, they were actually in the hands of Trade Union militia forces.—Trans-Ocean Service.

WEATHER: The cold system has moved eastward and pressure is now highest over Korea. The weather is expected to be clear and bright for today, but is likely to be overcast and foggy tomorrow.

It is expected that the weather will be clear and bright for today, but is likely to be overcast and foggy tomorrow.

It is unusual for beggars to bail themselves out when arrested, but at the Central Magistracy this morning a beggar, Chan See, failed to answer his name when called and his bail of \$4.30 was ordered to be arrested by Mr. K. Keen.

That he had stolen the canvas from the person who had promised him work in order that he might pawn it and thus redeem his tools, was the excuse given by Ho Chan, a carpenter, who was charged before Mr. K. Keen at the Central Magistracy this morning with the theft and who pleaded guilty. The case was adjourned for 24 hours. Detective-Sergeant Downman said that the defendant was promised work by the complainant and was permitted to stay the night there to start work the next day. During the night defendant took the canvas, and he was arrested in the Central District the next morning.

Accused of stealing two gold finger rings and a pair of gold cuff-links, belonging to his former employer, and valued at \$170, a 21-year-old unemployed Chinese, Chien Hui, was found guilty and sentenced to two months' hard labour, and ordered to pay a fine of \$60, or serve an additional six weeks' imprisonment by Mr. Macfadyen at the Kowloon Magistracy this morning. The complainant was Mr. Rhamat Khan, manager of Khair Mohammed Brothers, Army Contractors.

Charged with robbing Mr. Albert Victor Peacock of a pocket watch, a gold finger ring, a leather purse, three \$1 banknotes, one conjuring penny, a metal chain, and three keys; and Mrs. Lilian Peacock of a satchel, a camera, a cloth purse, one \$5 banknote, a gold wrist watch, a diamond ring and one gold wedding ring, a 45-year-old earth cooler, Chau Wah, was formally remanded for seven days by Mr. E. Himsforth at the Kowloon Magistracy this morning. The robbery took place at Ngau Shu Wan, Kowloon City, on September 27 last.

The Superiress and Community of the Canossian Institute wish to thank their kind benefactors for their generous donations; to the various local firms and stores for their valuable contributions and to the public for their whole-hearted support towards their Annual Fete.

The s.s. Talamba will sail for Japan ports via Amoy and Shanghai at 7 a.m. tomorrow.

The R.M.A. Dorado arrived here at 11.25 a.m. yesterday, carrying two passengers, Air-Comm. Tedder and Sgt. Leader Wooley, and 4,200 kilos of freight and 222,936 kilos of mail.

There was only one passenger aboard the C.N.A.C. plane Fulken when she arrived here yesterday from Shanghai. He was Mr. Kuo Nai-hsing, and was a passenger from Foochow to Hong Kong. There were no passengers to Canton.

The s.s. Ranchi left Shanghai for this port yesterday and is due to arrive here about 5 p.m. tomorrow.

FRENCH CRISIS AVERTED

Communists Will Support Blum

Paris, To-day.—The threat that has been hanging over M. Leon Blum's government ever since the Communists abstained from the vote of confidence on December 5, has been averted. M. Thorez, Secretary-General of the Communists, stated that his party will support the Government as in the past.—Reuter.

BRITISH EXCHEQUER RETURNS

London, To-day.—Exchequer returns show that the total ordinary revenue amounts to \$408,978,908 as compared with \$402,089,559 at the corresponding date of last year. Total ordinary expenditure is \$424,540,258, as compared with \$412,156,319 at the corresponding date of 1933.—British Wireless Service.

DISASTROUS FLOOD

300 Drowned And 50,000 Homeless

Istanbul, To-day.—Over 300 were drowned in a flood disaster yesterday at Adana, to the south of Anatolia.

Thousands are reported injured, while 50,000 are homeless and suffering from cold and starvation, wandering round the countryside aimlessly and practically unclothed.

The whole cotton and orange areas of Adana have been seriously damaged.—Reuter's Bulletin Service.

1,200 HOMES DESTROYED: The flood waters of the Saimun continue to work destruction in the province of Adana. No estimate of the damage can be made until after the water recedes, but it is known that over 1,200 homes have been destroyed in the town of Adana and that thousands are being sheltered in the mosques, warehouses and caravans in districts adjoining the flood affected area.—Trans-Ocean Service.

WEEK-END SOCCER PROGRAMME

Rifles To Meet Shield Holders

The following is the week-end soccer programme which features several matches in the Second Round of the Senior and Junior Shield competitions, including the clash between the Royal Ulster Rifles and South China "A" at Sookmoo next Sunday.

The following are the fixtures for the week-end:

SATURDAY

SENIOR SHIELD: Club v South China "B" (Club, 4.00 p.m.). St. Joseph's v. Recreation (Causeway Bay, 4 p.m.). JUNIOR SHIELD: Engineers v. University (Kowloon, 2.15 p.m.). Navy v. Service Corps (Causeway Bay, 2.15 p.m.). Ordnance Corps v. Recreation (Caroline Hill, 2.15 p.m.). FIRST DIVISION: East Lanca v. Navy (Kowloon, 4 p.m.). Club v. Patrollers (Club, 2.30 p.m.). SECOND DIVISION: Stonecutters v. Kowloon (Chatham Road, 4 p.m.). THIRD DIVISION: Liga v. Kinnon Rifles (King's Park, 4 p.m.). Kwong Wah v. Recreation (King's Park, 2.30 p.m.).

SUNDAY

SENIOR SHIELD: Rifles v. South China "A" (Sookmoo, 4 p.m.). Fuzellers v. Police (Kowloon, 4 p.m.). JUNIOR SHIELD: Eastern v. Police "A" (Causeway Bay, 2.15 p.m.). RIFLES: K. Chinese v. Police "B" (Sookmoo, 2.15 p.m.). K. Chinese v. S. China (Club, 2.15 p.m.). FIRST DIVISION: Eastern v. Athletic (Causeway Bay, 4 p.m.). K. Chinese v. Kowloon (Club, 4 p.m.). THIRD DIVISION: Air Force v. Engineers (Kowloon, 2.30 p.m.).

RAW RUBBER

Messrs H. B. Joseph & Co. have received the following quotations from Singapore in Straits currency for Raw Rubber:

Buyers: Spot 32-3 1/2 Up 1/2 Jan/Mar 32-3/4 Apr/June 32-7/8 July/Sept 33 Market: Strong.

BRITISH EXCHEQUER RETURNS

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PRESIDENT QUON HERE

President Manuel Quon, of the Philippines, arrived in the City by the R.M.S. Dorado from Manila this morning.

ITALIAN DIPLOMAT FOR MANCHUKUO

Sequel To New Agreement

Rome, To-day.—As a sequel to the Italo-Japanese agreement, whereby Italy recognizes the Japanese conquest of Manchukuo, the Italian Government has decided to send a diplomatic representative to Manchukuo.—Reuter's Bulletin Service.

AUSTRALIA OUT FOR '81

(Continued from Page 1)

OUT FIRST BALLY: Fagg commenced the Australian chapter of mishaps when he caught Badcock off Allen with the first ball of the day. It was a rising ball and flew straight from the bat into the gully. 3-2-0. Only four runs had been added when Stivers was well taken in the slips by Voce off Allen, 7-3-5.

Don Bradman, betting with a hantaged able, was out second ball, a good length delivery from Allen rising sharply and causing him to be caught by Fagg in the gully for a "duck" 7-4-0. At this period Allen had taken 3 wickets for 1 run!

McCabe, attempting a hook off Allen, was caught by Leyland at fine leg, 16-5-7. Robinson left four runs later when, attempting to hook a rising ball, he missed it and was caught by Hammond in the slips off Voce, 20-6-8.

OLDFIELD'S BOLD FRONT: Oldfield, who had shown great defensive resistance lasting 35 minutes, left at 37 after having scored 10 out of the 28 runs added while he was at the crease. His downfall came about when he played over a delivery from Voce and saw his stumps shattered.

Chippfield, seeing the uselessness of caution, hit out desperately at everything and it was mainly due to his enterprise that the Australians topped the half-century. Undeafened at the close with 26, scored out of 42, he hit four boundaries during a stay of 31 minutes. The feature of his innings was good square-cutting.

O'REILLY OUT OF LUCK: O'Reilly attempted a terrific swipe off his first ball, missed and was then bowled middle stump by the next ball from Allen, 41-6-0.

Ward, attempting to hook a rising ball, was struck on the nose, but resumed after three minutes, although he was still very shaky. In the next over he was bowled middle stump by Voce, thus closing the Australian innings for 58 runs. McCormick was absent, suffering from lumbago.—Reuter.

Australia scored only 52 runs from the bat. The lowest Test score in this series is 35 by Australia at Edgbaston in 1902. England's lowest was 45 on the Sydney ground in the 1886-7 series.

Scores:

ENGLAND—1ST INNINGS: Worthington, c Oldfield, b McCormick 69; Barnett, c Oldfield, b O'Reilly 4; Fagg, c Oldfield, b McCormick 4; Hammond, c Robinson, b McCormick 0; Leyland, b Ward 125; Ames, c Chippfield, b Ward 24; Hardstaff, c McCabe, b O'Reilly 43; E. W. V. Robins, c Brown, b O'Reilly 38; G. O. Allen, c McCabe, b O'Reilly 35; Verity, c Stivers, b O'Reilly 7; Voce, not out 4; Extras 8.

Total 353

Bowling Analysis: McCormick 5 1 25 3; Stivers 15 5 42 5; O'Reilly 46.13 162 5; Ward 38 3 138 2; Chippfield 11 3 32 0; McCabe 2 0 10 0.

Twelfth man—Fishlock. Fall of the wickets: 1 (Worthington) for 0; 2 (Fagg) for 29; 3 (Hammond) for 29; 4 (Barnett) for 33; 5 (Ames) for 107; 6 (Leyland) for 222; 7 (Chippfield) for 311; 8 (Robins) for 311; 9 (Verity) for 342; 10 (Allen) for 353.

AUSTRALIAN 1ST INNINGS

J. H. Fingleton, b Verity 180; C. Badcock, b Allen 3; D. G. Bradman, c Worthington, b Voce 35; S. J. McCabe, c Barnett, b Voce 51; E. Robinson, c Hammond, b Voce 2; A. G. Chippfield, c Ames 2; Voce 24.6.21 162 5; W. W. Stivers, b Allen 4; W. A. Oldfield, c Ames, b Voce 6; W. J. O'Reilly, c Leyland, b Voce 2; F. Ward, c Hardstaff, b Allen 4; E. L. McCormick, not out 19; Extras 8.

Total 210

Bowling Analysis

Allen 20 2 71 1; Voce 24.6.21 162 5; Stivers 15 5 42 5; O'Reilly 46.13 162 5; Ward 38 3 138 2; Chippfield 11 3 32 0; McCabe 2 0 10 0.

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(Registered letters 5.00 p.m., 10th December)

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ELLIS KADOORIE SCHOOL

Annual Speech Day

SIR ELLY KADOORIE GIVES AWAY AWARDS

Sir Elly Kadoorie distributed the prizes at the Ellis Kadoorie School yesterday when the headmaster, Mr. G. W. Reeve, in the course of his report, stressed the importance of teaching the Chinese boys how to speak English properly, with particular regard to enunciation.

At the end of the prize distribution, Mr. Lawrence Kadoorie, made a speech on behalf of his father.

PRIZE LIST

Scholarship-holders and Prize-winners

Class 4:—Government Scholarships: Au Sze Him 4A, Ho Chik Kong 4A, Tang Wing Kai 4A, Fung Ngok Leung 4A, Tsang Ping Him 4C, Tai Yau Scholarship: Li Pak Nin 4C (last instalment), Sham Wing K.C. (2nd instalment). Ho Kom Tong Scholarships: Chau Tin Wing 4A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, Tsang Ping Him 4C; 2, Au Sze Him 4A, Elly Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Au Sze Him 4A, Lo Shu Ying 4B, Tsang Ping Him 4C, English Class Prizes: Ho Chik Kong 4A, Lo Shu Ying 4B, Tsang Ping Him 4C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Tsang Ping Him 4C; 2, Au Sze Him 4A and Li Che Yung 4A; 3, Yeung Chung Pui 4A.

Class 5:—Government Scholarships: So Sze Shing 5A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Wong Siu Po 5A, Ho Kom Tong Scholarships: Tsang Tat Shing 5A, Chan Kai Ming Scholarship: So Si Kai 5A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, So Sze Shing 5A; 2, Chan Ka Yau 5D, Elly Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Chan Tin Cheuk 5A, Pok Sik Ling 5B, Lam Kwok Yu 5C, Tsui Sze Yuen 5D, English Class Prizes: Chan Tin Cheuk 5A, Lo Ping Fai 5B, Lam Kwok Yu 5C, Chan Ka Yau 5D, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, So Sze Shing 5A; 2, Tsui Sze Yuen 5D; 3, Wong Siu Po 5A.

Class 6:—Government Scholarships: Leung Chi Cheong 6A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Tsui Chung Lun 6A, Ho Kom Tong Scholarships: Lai Koon Tun 6A, Chan Kai Ming Scholarship: Cheng Man Wa 6A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: Cheng Man Wa 6A, Yam Ying Hung 6A, Elly



One of the biggest attractions at the American Dahlia Society show at Rockefeller Centre, New York City, was this group of dahlias grown by Walter H. Ostrander, of Kingston, N.Y. The new bloom is named the Peggy Landon dahlia, in honour of the Republican Presidential candidate's daughter.

Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Lai Koon Tun 6A, Chiu Hon Chun 6B, Chan Fung 6C, English Class Prizes: Tsui Chung Lun 6A, Chiu Hon Chun 6B, To Yuk Ling 6C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Lai Koon Tun 6A; 2, Tsui Chung Lun 6A; 3, Yam Ying Hung 6A.

Class 7:—Government Scholarships: Leung Kwan Pok 7A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Leung Shi Chiu 7A, Lau Chu Pak Scholarship: Chan Man Pui 7A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, Leung Kwan Pok 7A; 2, Mak Pui Ki 7A, Elly Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Leung Kwan Pok 7A, Man Yu Chung 7B, Wong Chun Yue 7C, English Class Prizes: Chan Man Pui 7A, Fung Chun Cho 7B, Wong Chun Yue 7C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Leung Kwan Pok 7A; 2, Mak Pui Ki 7A; 3, Wong Chun Yue 7C.

Class 8:—Government Scholarships: Choi Wai Man 8B, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Yeung Kwan Ngai 8B, Mrs. Lan Chu Pak Scholarship: Lai Wai Chiu 8B, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: Yeung Kwan Ngai 8B, Choi Wai Man 8B, Elly Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Chan Hoi Tung 8A, Choi Wai Man 8B, Li Kwok Leung 8C, English Class Prizes: Chu Hin Kong 8A, Li Pak Yung 8B, Chan Kwan Yee 8C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Choi Wai Man 8B; 2, Wong Tit Mui 8B; 3, Lo Che Kit 8B.

Class 8:—Government Scholarships

Awarded to Students from Vernacular Schools (Tenable at Ellis Kadoorie School for 5 years): Lau Yu Kung, Leung Yung Sang, Sin Hon Kei, Lui Kam Pui, Li Sui Pak, Chan Kwok Kin, Kwong Kam Nin, Li Kat Sing, Ellis Kadoorie School—Drawing Competition

Prize Winners:—Leung Chi Cheung, Sihouette, 6A; Lam Kin Pak, Pencil Sketch, 8A; Li Cheung Shin, Pencil Sketch, 8A; Lo Ying Yik, Pastel, 4B; Kwong Kin Gun, Water Colour, 4A; Li Cheung Chiu, Water Colour, 6A; Lo Ting Yik, Chinese Painting, 4B; Wong Chun Yue, Map, 8A.

NOTIFIABLE DISEASE

Nineteen cases of d. atheria with seven deaths, five cases of typhoid fever and two cases of typhoid fever have been reported as having occurred during the week ended on Saturday last. There were 65 deaths from tuberculosis during the same period. Five cases of diphtheria were notified as having occurred in the Colony during the 24 hours ended on Monday.

URBAN COUNCIL MEETING

Complete Register Of Burials

AMENDMENTS TO BY-LAWS

At the Urban Council meeting yesterday, the Chairman (Mr. R. R. Todd) said in part:—Before moving the amendments to the Cemeteries By-laws which stand in my name in the Orders of the Day I should like to say a few words in the nature of "objects and reasons."

By reference to the By-laws it will be observed that they fall under two main headings, (a) "Cemeteries other than Chinese Cemeteries, and (b), Chinese Cemeteries. The existing By-law 3, which is under heading (a) requires that the person in charge of each cemetery shall keep a register of burials, but does not specify in what language the register shall be kept, nor does it make provision for the ultimate safe custody of the register. By-law 15, which is under the second heading, Chinese Cemeteries—requires that monthly registers be kept in the Chinese language and that these registers be deposited at the office of the Council after a period of two years.

As the By-laws make no distinction between public cemeteries (by which I mean cemeteries administered directly by the Urban Council) and private cemeteries (by which I mean cemeteries administered by committees belonging to various religious denominations) and so, presumably, apply to all cemeteries, it will be seen that the wording of the present By-law 3 has the effect, so far as non-Chinese cemeteries are concerned, of leaving private cemeteries to their own devices in the matter of the language in which the registers are kept and in the matter of the preservation of the registers.

To Correct Omission

The Council has no record of burials in these private cemeteries, and the main object of the

MINE HOST

And What A Man!

The qualities of the ideal minekeeper, according to Dr. D. G. S. Russell, of Broadway, Worcestershire:

A memory for faces like a C.I.D. man;
Tact of a diplomat;
Amiable, good-tempered, and with a sense of humour;
Something of a psychologist;
Well-informed; and
A good dietician, able to plan meals that tickle the palate and leave digestion unimpaired.
Mr. Russell was addressing the conference of the Hotels and Restaurants Association at Llandudno.

proposed amendment to By-law 3 is to rectify this omission. Enquiries as to burials are not infrequent, and it is natural, especially in the case of relatives overseas, to apply for information to a public body such as the Urban Council. It is considered that a record of all burials should be available at the offices of the Council, and the proposed amendment of By-law 3 will, in the case of future burials at least, ensure that such a record is available. The motion was passed unanimously.

Licences Refused

There were eleven applications for licences for food factories which were all refused.

The list of licences granted by the Urban Council between November 24, 1935 and December 7, 1936 inclusive, is as follows:—Food Factories 3, Food Preserving Establishments 3, Laundries 2, Offensive Trades 1, Eating Houses 3, Restaurants 1. Total 13.

Those present at the meeting were:—Mr. R. R. Todd (Chairman), Hon. Dr. A. R. Wellington, (Vice-Chairman), Hon. Mr. R. C. North, Hon. Mr. T. H. King, Mr. F. C. Hall, Dr. R. A. de Castro, Rasto, Mr. L. C. F. Bellamy, Dr. S. N. Chau, Mr. W. N. T. Tam, Mr. B. Wong Tape, Mr. C. J. Roe and Mr. Im Ping-tseung.

S.P.C. MEETING

Question Of Hawkers' Licences

APPEAL TO GOVERNMENT

The Government's reply to a letter from the Society for the Protection of Children in regard to the proposed restriction of hawkers' licences was read at a joint meeting of the Executive and General Committees of the Society, held on Monday, the Hon. Mr. R. H. Kotewall being in the chair.

The letter stated that while the Government would be pleased to receive and consider any suggestions from the Society on the matters raised in the two resolutions passed by the Urban Council on October 13, these were passed only after the fullest consideration of the problems involved, but it was added that, except where licences for the sale of food were concerned, the Urban Council was still willing to consider applications for licences forwarded by the Society, while reserving the right to judge each case on its merits.

A sub-committee of the Society is now preparing concrete suggestions, which will be submitted to the Government in due course.

With regard to the Society's eastern branch, it was decided by the meeting that the alternative accommodation offered at the Violet Peel Centre be accepted for the time being.

Financial Report

The financial report for November, the first month of the new financial year, showed that there was an excess of expenditure over income totalling \$1,141.58.

The meeting welcomed back Mr. L. D. Skinner, hon. secretary of the eastern branch, after leave.

Various cases which had come before the Society were dealt with by the meeting.

Those present, in addition to the Chairman, were:—The Hon. Sir Shouson Chow, Sir William Hornell, Dr. R. A. de Castro, Mr. J. M. Alves, Mrs. Alabaster, Miss Brazier, Miss Shin Tak-hing, Mrs. Barker (Hon. Secretary), Mrs. A. Hicks (Hon. Secretary).

REMEMBRANCE DAY ACCIDENT

Boy Injured After Seeing Procession

Chertsey. Ambulance men left the Remembrance Day procession at Chertsey to attend to Frank L. Redrup, aged 9, who after seeing the procession pass was knocked down by a motor-cycle. The boy was taken to hospital. Although he was severely injured he did not cry until his mother was leaving the hospital. His father is Jack Redrup, former water-weight champion of the British army.

Women's Auxiliary), Mrs. K. F. Noble (Hon. Treasurer, Women's Auxiliary), Mr. F. H. Loseby (Hon. Director), Mr. A. McKellar (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. A. Hicks (Hon. Publicity Secretary), Mr. J. M. Noronha, Mr. J. Middleton Smith, Mr. R. A. McKenny, and L. D. Skinner.

SWEEP RESULT

I was getting up from the ground for the third time when the other man borrowed his wife's broom and cleaned me up with it. —Man at Willesden Court.

Things That Steal Children's Strength.

It is no wonder that many children continue thin and weakly no matter how well you feed them when much of the nourishment they take is consumed by worms. Expel the worms by means of a few doses of Baby's Own Tablets and then you will soon see your little one growing robust, rosy and well.

As a corrective of most of childhood's every day ailments Baby's Own Tablets are just what is needed. They help the digestion, relieve constipation, ease colic, crop and colds, check diarrhoea, reduce simple fever, allay teething pains, quiet the nerves, speedily bring peaceful, health-giving sleep in a natural way. You can give Baby's Own Tablets with perfect confidence to the youngest and most delicate infant, for they are guaranteed to be absolutely pure and safe. Of chemists everywhere.

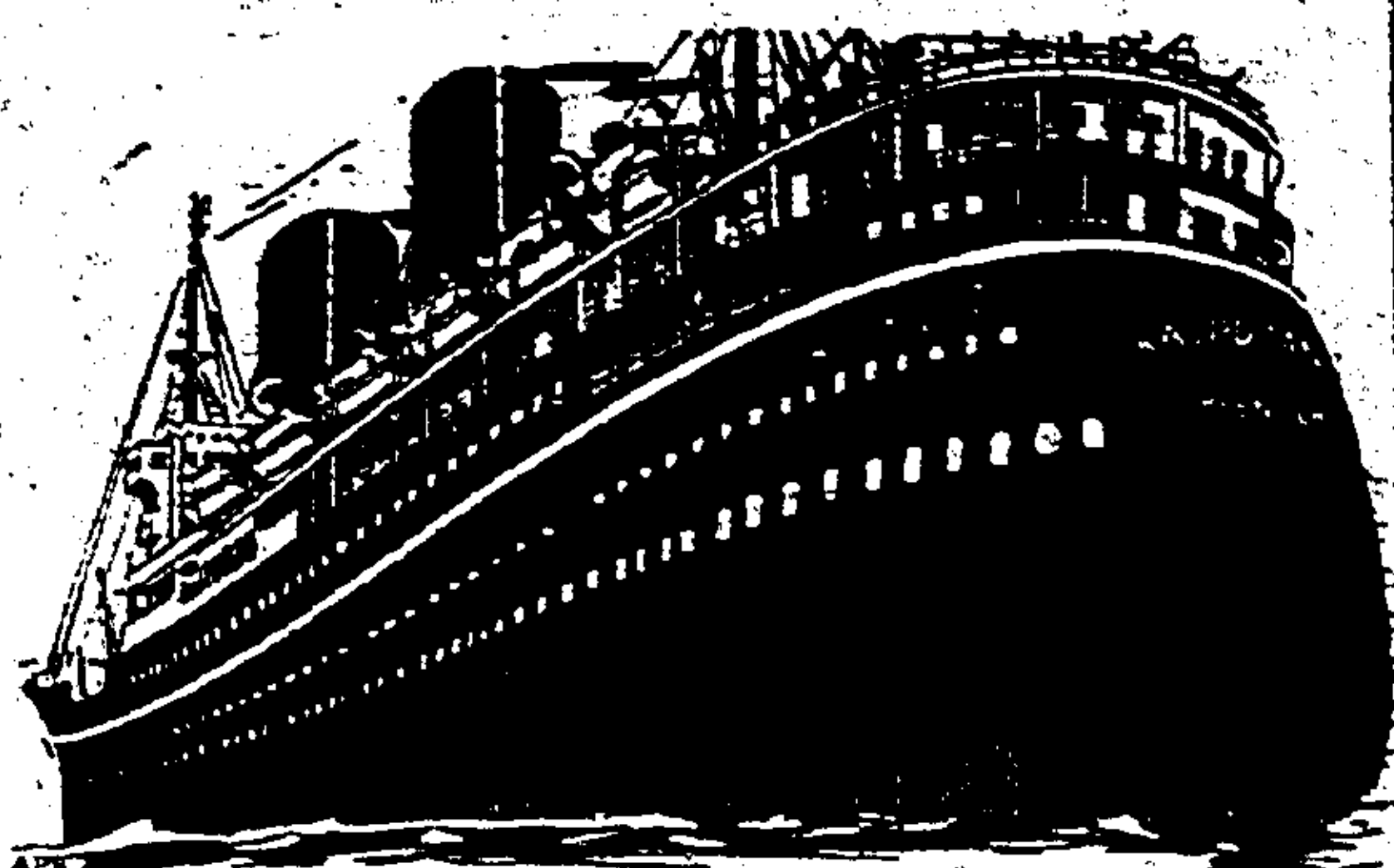
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*JEYPORE	6,000	9th Dec.	Bombay, Karachi & Persian Gulf.
RANCHI	17,000	12th Dec.	Bombay, Marcellis & London.
*COMORIN	15,000	26th Dec.	Bombay, Marcellis & London.
*SOMALI	7,000	2nd Jan.	Bombay, Marcellis, Havre, London, Hull, Hamburg, Rotterdam & Antwerp.
*RAJPUTANA	17,000	9th Jan.	Bombay, Marcellis & London.
RANPURA	17,000	23rd Jan.	Bombay, Marcellis & London.
*BANGALORE	6,000	30th Jan.	Marcellis, Havre, London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hull.
RAWALPINDI	17,000	6th Feb.	Marcellis & London.
CORFU	14,500	20th Feb.	Marcellis & London.
*BHUTAN	6,000	27th Feb.	Marcellis, Havre, London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hull.

* Cargo only. † Calls Casablanca. ‡ Calls Tangier. All vessels may call at Malta.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS

SANTHIA	8,000	19th Dec.	Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Bangkok & Calcutta.
TALAMBA	8,000	2nd Jan.	
TALMA	10,000	16th Jan.	
SIRDHANA	8,000	30th Jan.	
SHIRALA	8,000	13th Feb.	



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The P. & O. Branch Service of Steamers to London via Suez.
The New Zealand Shipping Co.'s Steamers for Southampton and London via Panama Canal.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS

NANKIN	7,000	2nd Jan.	Manila, Rabaul, Brisbane, Sydney
NELLORE	7,000	30th Jan.	Melbourne & Hobart.
TANDA	7,000	5th Mar.	

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN

TALAMBA	8,000	10th Dec.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.
RAJPUTANA	17,000	11th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
TALMA	10,000	24th Dec.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.
RANPURA	17,000	25th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
BANGALORE	6,000	26th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
NELLORE	7,000	3rd Jan.	Shanghai & Japan.
SIRDHANA	8,000	7th Jan.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.

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HIVE MARU (Starts from Kobe) Saturday, 26th Dec.

NEW YORK via Panama.

*NOSHIO MARU Saturday, 2nd Jan.

*NAKO MARU Wednesday, 13th Dec.

SOUTH AMERICA (West Coast) via Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Mexico and Panama.

*TAKAOKA MARU Thursday, 7th Jan.

LONDON, MARSEILLES, ANTWERP & ROTTERDAM.

SUWA MARU Saturday, 19th Dec.

FUSHIMI MARU Saturday, 2nd Jan.

LIVERPOOL via Port Said, Beyrouth, Istanbul, Piraeus, and Marcellis.

*DAKAR MARU (Calls Malta) Monday, 14th Dec.

HAMBURG via P. Sudan, Alexandria & Casablanca.

ARIMA MARU Saturday, 9th Jan.

SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila & Ports.

ASUTA MARU Saturday, 26th Dec.

KITANO MARU Saturday, 23rd Jan.

BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang & Colombo.

ANYO MARU Friday, 11th Dec.

*TOYAMA MARU Monday, 28th Dec.

CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.

*MALACCA MARU Wednesday, 18th Dec.

SHANGHAI KOBE & YOKOHAMA.

TERUKUNI MARU Tuesday, 15th Dec.

KITANO MARU (Naka direct) Monday, 21st Dec.

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Rio de Janeiro M. Thurs., 21st Jan.

MOMBASA, ZANZIBAR DARES-SALAAM, BEIRA LOURENCO MARQUES DURBAN, ALGOA, BAY CAPE TOWN & SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS via Singapore & Colombo.

Africa Maru Sat., 2nd Jan.

Hawaii Maru Mon., 1st Feb.

BOMBAY & KARACHI via Singapore, Penang and Colombo.

Taijin Maru Sat., 19th Dec.

Celebes Maru Sun., 3rd Jan.

CALCUTTA via Singapore, Belawan Deli & Rangoon.

Sumatra Maru Sun., 20th Dec.

Himalaya Maru Sat., 2nd Jan.

JAPAN via Takao & Keelung.

Samang Maru Mon., 14th Dec.

JAPAN PORTS via Dairen.

Sydney Maru Sun., 27th Dec.

KEELUNG via Swatow and Amoy.

Canton Maru Sun., 12th Dec.

Hong Kong Maru Sun., 20th Dec.

TAKAO via Swatow and Amoy.

Fukuken Maru Wed., 9th Dec.

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All letters etc., must be marked "By Air Mail" and be handed in the Post Office.

The Money Order Office is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. except on Saturdays when it closes at 12 noon and on Sundays and holidays when it is entirely closed.

NEW YEAR PARCEL MAIL.

The New Year Parcel Mail for Great Britain will be closed in the General Post Office and Kowloon Central Post Office at 5 p.m. on Tuesday the 17th November per a.s. "Tasmania".

This mail is due to arrive at London on the 23rd December.

CHRISTMAS PARCEL MAIL FOR CANADA.

The Christmas Parcel Mail for Canada will be closed in the General Post Office and Kowloon Central Post Office at 5 p.m. on Tuesday the 24th November per a.s. "Empress of Russia".

This mail is due to arrive at Victoria B.C. on the 12th December.

On and after the 8th December, the letter box at the Canton Steamship Wharf will be abolished. Correspondence intended to go by the night steamer to Canton after the mail has closed in the General Post Office at 6 p.m. must be posted at the Shanghai Post Office up to the following times:—

Weekdays 9.30 p.m.

Sundays & Holidays 8.00 p.m.

INWARD MAILS FROM EUROPE

Rajputana (via Suez) 10

Menestheus 20

FROM JAPAN

Anyo Maru 10

Ranchi 11

Darbar Maru 14

Malacca Maru 15

FROM STRAITS & INDIA

Philoctetes 10

Rajputana 18

Terukuni Maru 15

FROM SHANGHAI

Ranchi 11

Antenor 15

Pres. Doumer 15

OUTWARD MAILS FOR EUROPE

R.M.A. Dorado (Imperial Airways Direct Service) 11

Reg. 5 p.m. Ord. 8.30 a.m.

Emp. of Japan (via Vancouver) 11

Reg. 5 p.m. Ord. 8.30 a.m.

Union (via Victoria) 12

Ranchi (K.L.M. Service) 12

Reg. 9.30 a.m. Ord. 10 a.m.

Pres. Doumer ("Air Orient Service") 15

Reg. 12.45 p.m. Ord. 1.30 p.m.

Terukuni Maru (via Siberia) 15

Reg. 3.30 p.m. Ord. 4.30 p.m.

FOR SHANGHAI

Rajputana 11

D'Artagnan 11

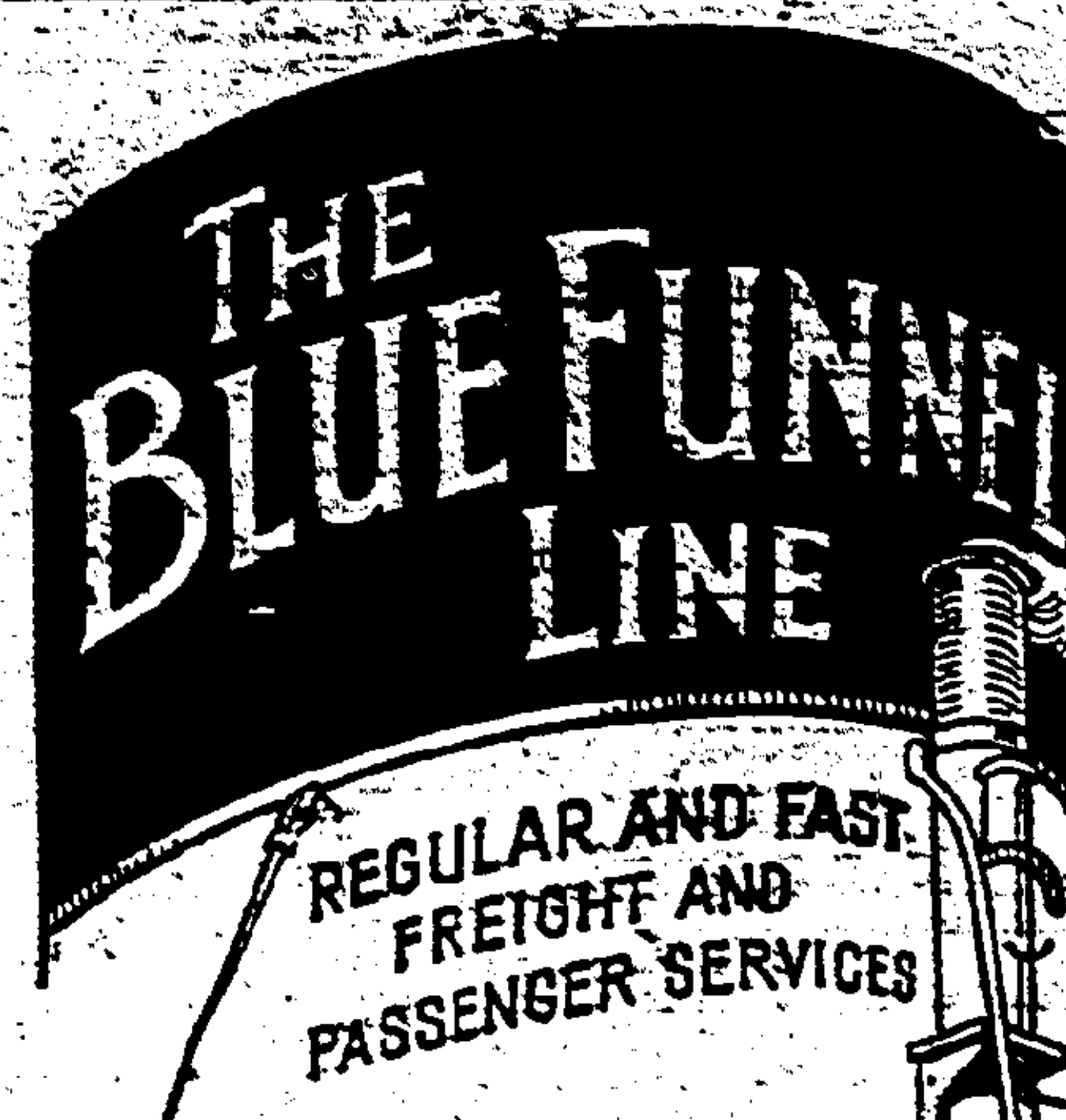
Emp. of Japan 11

Reg. 5 p.m. Ord. 8.30 a.m.

Terukuni Maru 15

Reg. 3.30 p.m. Ord. 4.30 p.m.

(Continued at Foot of Next Col.)



LONDON SERVICE

ANTENOR Sails 18 Dec. for Marcellis, London, Rotterdam, and Glasgow.

ALAX Sails 30 Dec. for Marcellis, Casablanca, London, Rotterdam, Hamburg and Glasgow.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE

ATREUS Sails 1 Jan. for Havre, Liverpool and Brumborough.

NEW YORK SERVICE

CLAUCUS Sails 25 Jan. for Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore via Manila, Batavia, Straits, and Cape of Good Hope.

PACIFIC SERVICE

(via KOBE & NAGOYA)

IXION Sails 12 Dec. for Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle.

INWARD SERVICE

PHILOCTETES Due 10 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.

MENESTHEUS Due 20 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.

TERUKUNI Due 28 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.

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TAIPING: 7 Jan. 18 Jan. 16 Jan. 1 Feb.

CHANGTE: 8 Feb. 15 Feb. 16 Feb. 2 Mar.

TAIPING: 9 Mar. 16 Mar. 19 Mar. 4 Apr.

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CURRENCY LAWS INFRINGED

Widow And Daughter In First Case

"CHINA MAIL" SPECIAL
Hankover, To-day.

The first case to be dealt with under the new law providing strict penalties for infringement of the German foreign currency regulations was heard before a special tribunal here yesterday when a widow and her daughter were sentenced to 1½ years' hard labour, and a fine of 5,000 marks, and seven months' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 marks respectively for having failed to report the possession of 23,000 Swiss francs.

The widow had, with the knowledge of her daughter, kept this sum of Swiss money in a cupboard for years but on learning of the devaluation of the Swiss franc had taken it to the bank to be changed. The mother and daughter were then promptly arrested. The 23,000 francs were confiscated by the State in addition to the sentences imposed. — Trans-Ocean Service.

BATTLE-CRUISER LAUNCHED

Battle Of Falkland Islands Recalled

Berlin, To-day.

Germany's second battle-cruiser of 26,000 tons named the Gneisenau was launched at Kiel yesterday in the presence of Chancellor Hitler, Field-Marshal von Blomberg and Admiral Raeder. The christening was performed by the widow of the commander of the former Gneisenau, which was sunk at the battle of the Falkland Islands during the Great War. The survivors of this epic sea battle also attended the ceremony. — Reuter's Bulletin Service.

MORNING TRAFFIC DISLOCATED

Many Injuries Due To Sharp Frost

London, To-day.

A serious dislocation of the early morning traffic occurred in all parts of greater London yesterday as the result of sharp frost following rain. Conductor rails were frozen thus preventing the operation of the electric-train service on several routes. Road traffic was brought to a standstill in many places, especially at both ends of steep hills, and there were many minor accidents.

Pedestrians also found the footways almost unusable and hundreds of cases of injuries from falls were treated in hospitals. — British Wireless Service.

MR. EDEN NOT GOING TO GENEVA TO-MORROW

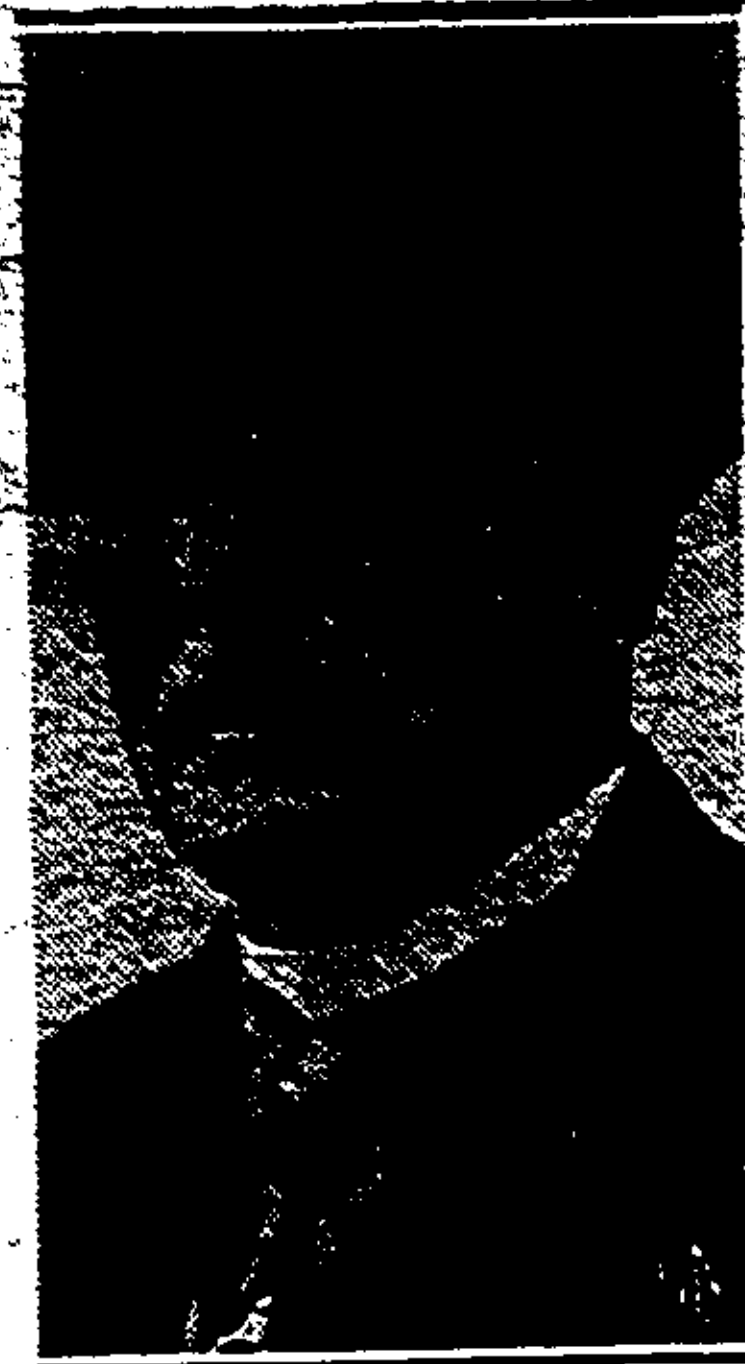
London, To-day. — Mr. Anthony Eden has decided not to attend the League Council meeting at Geneva to-morrow, but Britain will be represented by Lord Cranborne. — Reuter.

Lord Cranborne will also attend the meeting of the League Reform Committee, which assembly meets to-morrow. The Council meeting has been called at the request of the Spanish Government under Article XI of the Covenant. Lord Cranborne will leave London for Geneva to-day. — British Wireless Service.

No Trace Of Mail Plane

Paris, To-day. — Anxiety is increasing concerning the safety of the four-engined mail plane, Croix de Aud, and the fate of the pilot, Jean Mermoz, and his four comrades. There is still a complete absence of news from the plane since the last message was received on Monday morning to the effect that one of the motors was out of order.

Despite the search that has been carried out by a number of French ships and planes, no trace of the missing plane has yet been found. The German aircraft ship, Dorn, which is anchored in mid-ocean for service as the Mediterranean base of the German air mail service to South America, has also sent



Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, above, Archbishop of Munich and outstanding Catholic of Germany, met Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler last month for the first time since the Nazis came into power. The Archbishop's visit is considered significant because of his implacable enmity towards the Nazi regime.

THREE MONTHS RESERVE

Storage Of Foodstuffs In Canton

Canton, To-day.

The Canton Municipal Government takes the view that an adequate storage of food supplies is exceedingly necessary. It has been announced that each family has to store enough foodstuffs for the use of three months, and the police have to see that this is carried out. Besides, one month's rent of all buildings has to be paid to the Government for storing food stuffs in case of emergency, and wholesale as well as retail rice dealers are subject to Government control. — From Our Own Correspondent.

MR. T. V. SOONG IN COLONY

Probably Leaving Next Friday

Canton, To-day. — Mr. T. V. Soong, Chairman of the National Economic Commission, left for Hong Kong last night on his way back to Nanking. — By A Special Correspondent.

Enquiries from the Bank of Canton, of which Mr. Soong is the chairman of the Board of Directors, elicited the information that Mr. Soong arrived here by the night boat and he will probably remain in the Colony till Friday, when he will leave for the North by the R.M.S. Empress of Japan.

PERAUD AND DENIS AT TUNIS

Attempt To Win Big Cash Prize

Tunis, To-day.

The aviators Jean Peraud and Gilbert Denis, who took off at 8.33 a.m. yesterday from Tokyo, landed here at 3.15 p.m. G.M.T. — Reuter.

The two aviators are attempting to win the prize of 400,000 francs for a new record flight. It will be recalled that Andre Japy, the first contestant for the prize, crashed in Japan after a daring take-off from Kai Tak when conditions were most unsuitable for continuing his flight.

AID FOR LEEDS UNIVERSITY

More Open Spaces In Birmingham

London, To-day.

Two benefactions were announced yesterday in the Midlands.

Mr. Frank Parkinson, Chairman of Crompton Parkinson Ltd., has given £200,000 to Leeds University for new buildings. Mr. Parkinson, who is an old student of Leeds University, recently instituted a special scholarship fund with a gift of £50,000 for the cause of education in Yorkshire. This new gift of £200,000 will be used to build a central block to provide the main architectural feature of the whole of the university building scheme.

In Birmingham an offer has been received from the chocolate firm of Cadbury to provide £20,000 towards the estimated cost of £34,000 for the scheme to provide open spaces in that city. — British Wireless Service.

TOWN HOUSE TO BE DISPOSED OF

(Continued from Page 1)

London: There was not much activity in Downing Street yesterday morning. Sir John Simon went to see Mr. Baldwin, about 11 o'clock and later Sir Samuel Hoare also called at No. 10. — Reuter's Bulletin Service.

FIVE-HOUR SESSION

London: Mr. Stanley Baldwin returned to No. 10 Downing Street at 11 p.m. after spending nearly five hours with the King at Fort Belvedere.

The House of Commons rose at 10.58 p.m. Sir John Simon left Downing Street at 11.45 p.m., and it is understood that it is most improbable that a statement will be made in the House of Commons to-day, although there may be a brief reference to the situation. — Reuter.

NO STATEMENT MADE

Informal consultations were continued yesterday, both at Downing Street and at Fort Belvedere in connexion with the situation arising from the question of the King's marriage, but no statement has been made and the Prime Minister has not attended the Commons. In his absence the Home Secretary replied yesterday afternoon to an enquiry by Major Attlee. Sir John Simon said, "The Prime Minister has asked me to express his regret at not being able to reply in person. He has, however, nothing to add to the statement which he made yesterday."

Major Attlee then asked if the right honourable gentlemen could give an indication as to when the House will receive further information. Sir John Simon replied, "No, Sir, I must leave the Prime Minister to do that."

FORT BELVEDERE VISITORS

Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare were with Mr. Baldwin at No. 10 for nearly two hours yesterday morning. In the afternoon Lord Halifax called and later Mr. Baldwin left by car for Fort Belvedere, accompanied by Mr. Monckton, Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall, and Sir Eric Mervile, Secretary to the Duke of York. When they arrived E.L.H. the Duke of Kent, who had called at Fort Belvedere before lunch, had not yet left.

LABOUR PARTY DECISION

A general exchange of views on the constitutional question took place at a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party at the House of Commons yesterday. There was a full attendance.

While no resolution was submitted and no official statement made, it is understood that the Party decided at this stage to do nothing that would in any way embarrass the Government in the present situation. — British Wireless Service.

GERMAN GRATITUDE FOR FRENCH HELP

Paris, To-day. — The German Embassy has sent a message to the Quai d'Orsay, expressing the gratitude of the Reich Government for the assistance rendered by French officials and volunteers in the salvage of the German plane which crashed in the Mont Blanc region. Articles of baggage and effects were immediately taken charge of by French officials and sent to the French Foreign Office, where they were taken over by the German Embassy. — Trans-Ocean Service.

ALHAMBRA

TO-DAY & TO-MORROW

A FAST-MOVING COMEDY-ROMANCE

THEY MET IN A TAXI

CHESTER MORRIS
RAY W. RAY
LIONEL STANDER
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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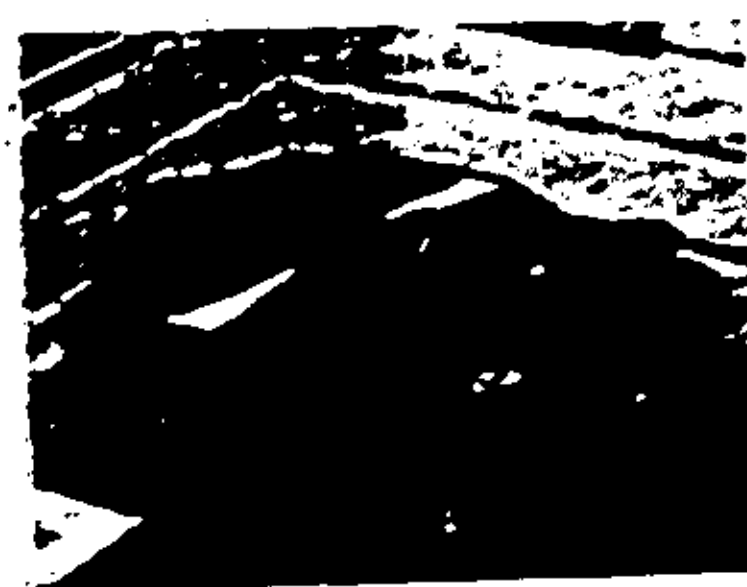
Yet besides this RCA Victor miracle these new 1937 radios offer you Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes and a wealth of other extra values

In a few short weeks thousands have heard RCA Victor's Magic Voice. Everywhere it has won praise. And no wonder? For here is the greatest acoustical advance since the Orthophonic Victrola. The moment you hear the Magic Voice you will be won by its ring of truth. You will respond to its warm friendliness. You will say, "that's MY radio!"

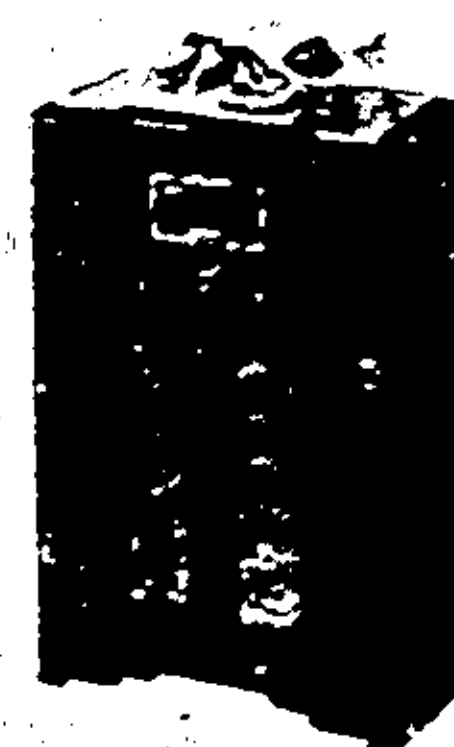
The well-styled designs, the damask sheen of hand-rubbed, musical woods are other points that you will appreciate instantly.

Yet tone and appearance are but part measure of the entirely new radio values established by these 1937 sets. Like all RCA Victors, the Magic Voice models benefit from the world's greatest inheritance of radio knowledge. The unmatched experience of the RCA Victor laboratories has determined every seen and unseen detail. The result is an array of features proving beyond question that every 1937 RCA Victor gives you more for your money.

You'll find new features built into all 1937 RCA Victors. Ask your dealer about these extra values. Ask him to prove that when you buy an RCA Victor you make a lasting investment. Then you will realise that beauty of tone and appearance are backed by an honest quality that will make them long lived. . . . that RCA Victor gives you more for your money because RCA Victor *knows* radio.



Have the music you want when you want it. Enjoy the marvelous beauty of Victor Higher Fidelity Records with the RCA Victor Record Player. This small, convenient device immediately converts any AC radio into an electric phonograph.



RCA Victor Model 6K-2 has Metal Tubes. Provides delightful reception over three bands, includes most foreign programs, in addition to domestic programs, police, aviation and amateur stations. . . .

WHAT THE Magic Voice IS

In each RCA Victor Magic Voice radio the speaker is acoustically sealed into a unique tone chamber. Grouped in this are 5 gleaming tone control pipes. You will never see them. They require no attention, no adjustment. But sound flowing through this silvery corridor loses all mechanical quality. "Boom" is trapped. The program flows directly into the room. . . reaches you as the microphone hears it. You listen to radio as you have wished it might be. This is the Magic Voice. . . the Magic Brain given new realism, new truth, new beauty.

Some of the Many Features in 1937 RCA Victors

Selector Dial with New AUTOMATIC BAND SPREADER, Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes, Magnetic Core LF Transformer, Music Speech Control, Antenna Trap, Phonograph Connection. Cabinets built like musical instruments with out nails and with hand-rubbed finish.

Put new life into your present radio—use RCA Radio Tubes! Remember, any radio set works better with an RCA Antenna System.



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CHINA MAIL



CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 10, 1936

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HONG KONG

SOLE AGENTS

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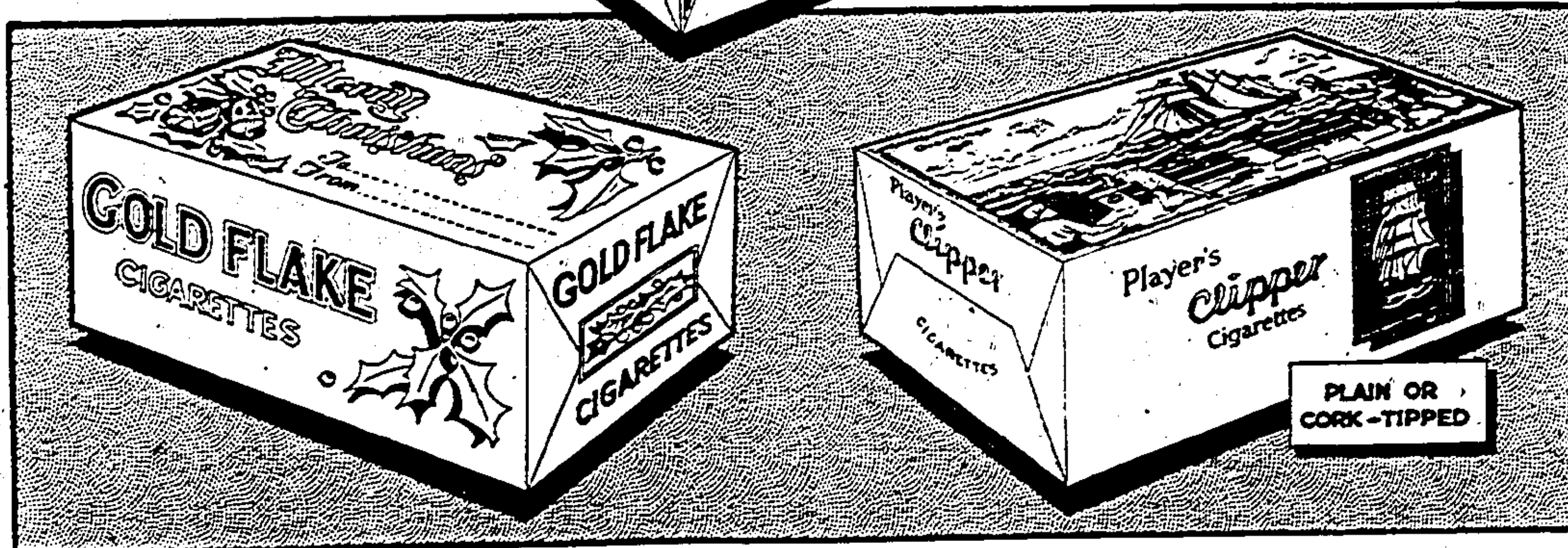
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MANHATTAN CAROL •

(By Stephen Vincent Benet)

THE red-flannel-clad Santa Clauses were ringing their bells—they were ringing their bells all the time. It seemed to Dan Fenton, standing at the high window of the hotel, as if he could hear them over all the other noises of New York. It wasn't true, of course. But as the taxi roared out of its rabbit-hole under the Grand Central, he had seen one, wearily shaking his bell on a corner—and that had been enough. They had moved General Sherman, and built huge, new shafts toward the sky. They had changed the colours of the cabs, and the traffic-lights on the Avenue were different. The girls like Diana Corey would go dancing on other dance-floors than the dance-floors of 1925, and the young men just out of college would have a different patter. But New York was still New York—the mammoth and gilded apple; and he, Dan Fenton, after ten years of exile, was back in it at last.

Incidentally, it was his and Trina's honeymoon; and he must remember that. They hadn't had a real honeymoon when they were married in '26. Just five days in Chicago—then he'd had to get back to the new job. And then there had been the children and the responsibilities, the boom and the slump and the rebuilding. Twice before, they had had their bags packed for New York and once for Europe—but always something had happened to keep them in Range City. And oddly enough, he'd never been as disappointed as Trina thought. But now, here they were in the Plaza: He'd always meant to have a suite in the Plaza—a suite on the Avenue side.

Trina wasn't scared, but she was a little self-conscious. It was odd to be self-conscious with each other, when you'd been married nine years. But he'd talked so much about New York, especially when they first met—when he was the young new superintendent from the East, and she was Judge Bursch's daughter, and as different from Diana Corey as Range City was from New York. A swift child, straight as an Indian, with a queer Indian shyness, and a mind as direct as a man's. He'd felt very much older and wiser—now he wasn't quite so sure. But they'd fallen in love and married. And it *was* love, thought Dan Fenton defiantly—or why should Trina be happy? And Scotty and Janice were swell kids, and the business was going well enough for people like Levinson to be seriously interested, and if things broke right, he'd have Trina's portrait painted next year. She wanted a young American painter he'd never heard of—it was queer how much she knew about things like that. Like her knowing about the old highboy that had come from the Fenton house in Vermont. And when stray celebrities, from governors to lecturing English novelists, arrived in Range City, it was Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fenton who entertained them, by right. And they'd written Dan Fenton's name in on quite a lot of ballots in the last mayoralty election—and he'd twice had his picture in *Time*. . . . And ten years ago, on a gray winter day in Christmas week much like this, he had said good-bye to Diana Corey in the green-and-silver living-room of a certain apartment on Park Avenue, and walked blindly across town afterward, with his life, as he thought, in ruins, and all the red-flannel Santa Clauses ringing their bells. . . . And Trina must never know. But once you had bitten the gilded apple, you did not forget it in life.

That was why, up to the very last moment, he had hoped that something would prevent this trip as it had prevented others. Yes, even to measles for the children, and his having to go alone. He could have stood it alone—he'd have gone to his college club, and called up people like Hig Avery and Julian Abbott, and never have cared if they remembered him or not. He'd have looked for Angelo's or Maria's, and found them gone with prohibition, and the ghost would have been laid. But with Trina, it was different. For his whole life in New York—the three years he had spent there after college—was bound up with his tempestuous courtship of Diana Corey.

And that was something you couldn't explain to your wife. You couldn't stop at a certain remembered street-corner and say: "At this historic spot, just eleven years and a half ago, a young lady named Diana Corey and I became engaged. We were riding in a Checker cab at the time, and the engagement was broken three weeks later at a dance at Southampton. It was renewed, oddly enough, the following November in the Harvard Stadium, and broken again, if I remember correctly, at a ball in the Ritz. I was making thirty dollars a week, but they'd thought rather well of me at college, and I meant to conquer New York. Miss Corey was extremely beautiful, and one of the four really celebrated debutantes of her year. She has since married a millionaire and divorced him, a polo-player and divorced him, and is lionaire and married to an Englishman named Nigel Ridley. She has been presented at Court, danced with the Prince of Wales, shot lions in Africa, ridden an aquaplane in full evening dress at Antibes and been photographed in colour smoking Mammal cigarettes on the back covers of all the best American magazines. . . . She sounds, I admit, quite poisonous. She has gray eyes, honey-coloured hair, a crooked left little finger, and the smallest mouth in the world. And if she had whistled to me any time up to and including our wedding-day, I would have come to her from the ends of the earth. So Merry Christmas, darling—I can't help it if everything in New York reminds me of her; but I shall try to be as much of a gentleman about it as I can."

No, that could hardly be said. And yet that was what was going to happen—he had felt it begin as the train pulled out of Chicago. Fortunately, Trina had been too excited to notice, so far. And to-morrow would be all right, and the next day—there would



be business conferences for him and shopping for her, and theatres in the evening for both of them. But after that, there would be Christmas. And Christmas was, or should be, a family feast.

They could call up the children on Christmas morning—eat restaurant turkey and solemnly go to a movie or a night-club. But the spirit wouldn't be in it, and a wraith would sit beside them—a glittering wraith from the past. And Trina's self-consciousness would harden, and he would smoke too many cigarettes. He couldn't share New York with her as she'd shared the West with him—the wraith stood between them. And yet, coming back to it now, he felt the old urge, the old passion, the fantastic hunger for conquest that had crowded the tall towers toward the sky. They should have accepted the Levinsons' invitation and eaten a decorous dinner at the great house at Still Brook among strangers. . . . They should never have come at all.

He turned and saw Trina methodically and skillfully unpacking. There was excited colour in her cheeks, but her square white hands—the hands of a capable little girl—moved deftly and precisely. "You haven't even looked out the window!" he said half-angrily. "Come on—let's go out and see the town!"

She gave him a quick smile and shook her head. "You go ahead, Dan," she said. "I know you're aching to. I just want to get a few things straight first—and my head's still going up and down with the train. And I want a bath and a finger-wave and my black dress pressed and—oh, dozens of things: 'Range City Matron Faces New York with a Smile,'" she added unexpectedly. "And I wish I hadn't bought those shoes in Chicago. They're just a big mistake."

"Oh, you look fine," said Dan Fenton. "You look swell."

"Uh-huh," said Trina. "I must! Well, I'll look better this evening. I told you I'd be scared of this damn' place, Dan Fenton, and I am. Just a girl from the Great Open Spaces. I should have brought my faithful horse. Oh, Dan—we should have gone to the Levinsons'."

"Oh, that's all right," said Dan Fenton uncomfortably. Her voice was nervous, for Trina's voice, and she only talked that way when she was trying to hide that Indian shyness of hers. There was, somehow, an invisible wall between them—a wall that had grown with the last hours on the train. Well, if she wanted it that way, it would have to be that way.

"They're only business acquaintances," he said. "And I guess we can stir up a Christmas turkey here."

"Oh, it'll be fun," she said dutifully. She went on unpacking. "Well," said Dan Fenton, after a minute, "if you're really going to do all that, I suppose the old man might as well—"

As he turned down the Avenue, Dan Fenton drew a deep breath—a breath of exhilaration. If Trina was in one of her odd moods, she'd feel better after dinner—and during the theatre, they'd hardly have to talk at all. Meanwhile there were the gray sky and the long princely street and the hurrying crowds. It was all very different and was all the same—the rich, glowing windows and the frantic braying of horns, the tall Irish policemen and the women in the rich furs, the desperate last-minute shoppers and the red-ribboned wreaths in the florists. The ten years slipped from his shoulders—he walked in a dream. He had never been married—he had never had children. He was Dan Fenton again—one of a thousand young men newly hatched from the colleges, come down to the tallest city to look for the gilded apple, each one of them utterly sure that it lay within his grasp.

He sauntered southward in a leisurely manner—it was hard to saunter, when the street was so alive; but even the jostlings and the noise seemed familiar and pleasant. The St. Regis was still there, and the Cathedral with its wide steps. He disapproved, jealously, a little, of Radio City—it had not been built in his time. But one mustn't be an old-timer about things—and it couldn't have been built anywhere but in New York. A sudden view, in a shop-



"To-day," he said, "on a train. And why aren't you at—Do you know it's been ten years?"

"Do you know what we're doing?" she said. "You're getting right into this car, and then we can talk. Oh, a long one! With a cocktail, maybe, to help it. Is your wife with you? Yes, I knew. But she can do without you for half an hour—and I'm just on my way home. And I want you to meet Nigel, of course—though he won't be back just yet."

The back of the chauffeur's head was a different shape from Gaston's, and the car was different. But she was wearing the same scent, or one like it—a delicate, clear fragrance that made him remember many things. She was older—she was a woman instead of a girl, but that could make no difference. Her eyes were still gray as evening—he couldn't quite see her hair under the close hat. He heard their voices talking hurriedly—when you met somebody again, you always talk like that. You asked about old servants and families and said what you thought of the book or the play or the Government. But as soon as they were alone, they'd talk as they'd talked in the old days. Already he could feel the magic rising. It bothered him a little that her finger-nails were bright red—it was perfectly all right; but they hadn't been red, ten years ago.

The limousine slowed at a canopy—the chauffeur opened the door. Dan Fenton caught a glimpse of himself in the car mirror as he descended. The new hat, somehow, made him look unfamiliar—it was a rather collegiate hat. Well, dammit, he wasn't old! "You're a little heavier, Dan, but it's quite becoming," said Diana Corey thoughtfully.

"And you're—just the same," said Dan Fenton gallantly. Then he wondered if the door-man had heard him, and dismissed the thought. After all, he was used to door-men—or had been. And Diana was Diana. When they finally got to her apartment, his collar wouldn't feel quite so uncomfortably tight.

The mirror-lined interior of the small and jewel-like elevator reflected sixteen Dianas and sixteen Dan Fentons in a diminishing sequence. That was a little confusing, but it didn't matter either, for this was a fated moment, and very soon the magic would begin. Only, it was hard to talk in an elevator, and even harder to talk when you were taking off your hat and coat. Diana seemed to find no difficulty in talking—but then, she never had. Her swift, pretty voice went on—a trifle higher than he remembered it, but then he was used to Trina's. She was talking about somebody named Buzz who was marvellous fun and gave screaming imitations of Admiral Byrd with a bath-towel. Dan Fenton gathered that Buzz was either somebody named Lord Marchendale or else the brother of somebody named Winks who was divine. But whether Winks was a man or a girl, he was not quite sure. Perhaps he had better not talk of Winks—from a recent turn in the conversation, Winks might well be a dog.

"And here, as they say," said Diana, welcoming him into a living-room, "we are. You know, Dan, it's really a pity you never came while I was married to Bruce and we lived in that marble mausoleum of his on Fifth Avenue. We gave dinner-parties for forty, and it hardly made a dot on the landscape. But this is a nice little town, don't you think?"

"Well, I wouldn't give it back to the Indians quite yet," said Dan Fenton, staring about the large and gleaming room.

She disappeared. Dan Fenton wandered vaguely about the unquiet room.

A maid in a cherry-coloured uniform brought in a cocktail-tray and vanished. Trina had once tried cherry-coloured uniforms for their maids, but had given it up. She said it reminded her of grape-ice-cream. And why on earth should he be thinking of that, when he was waiting for Diana and the magic? . . . And now Diana was here.

Her hair was darker or something, with the hat off. But of course she was the same. He smiled at her, over his glass.

"Well, here's to crime and punishment," he said. It was their old toast—the youthful one. And there were other things they'd said—little intimate catchwords. He'd remember them in a minute or two.

She sighed: "Oh, Dan, it's good to see you again!" She said: "Tell me all about yourself—your life-story. Please!"

He took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "when I first got to Range City—maybe you saw the article the other day in *Time*—I want to hear all about it!" she said earnestly. "Dan, tell me—honestly, now—do I look years older?"

"Not a month," said Dan Fenton, staring at his glass.

"You're a seraph," she looked at him. "Of course gray's becoming, in a man. Oh, Dan, there's so much I want to ask you. But we've got loads of time, before the other people come."

"The other people?" said Dan Fenton.

"Oh, Sue Damian—people like that. I don't know how they all started coming in for cocktails," she said prettily. "Nigel calls it the Bar-Lies-Paradise—he's too divine and English about anything but whisky-and-soda. But you'll love Sue, Damian. She's too ravishing. And Bunny." She laughed appreciatively. "Bunny Angus, of course."

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window, of his hat, condemned it forever. It made him look like a prosperous Midwestern business man—the kind of fellow who might run for mayor. That might be what he was, but he didn't have to look it.

He rushed into the nearest store, and despite great difficulties, bought a hat, four ties, an automatic three-colour pencil and a malacca stick. He very nearly bought a pair of sleeve-links with horses' heads upon them—all Junior Year, in college, he had wanted a pair of sleeve-links with horses' heads. To make up for these extravagances, he retraced his steps to Cartier's, and bought and paid for in cash a tiny, glittering and extremely expensive cigarette-case for Trina. She very seldom used cigarette-cases, but it somehow made him feel better to buy it. Then he thought, "Theatre tickets!" and directed his steps toward his college club.

He emerged from the club, half an hour later, with an extraordinary mixture of emotions. The man at the door hadn't recognized him, but the head porter had. Little Mike, who had always taken care of the theatre-tickets, was gone. The stuffed fish was still on the grill-room wall, but they had changed the location of the bar, and all the members visible were either incredibly old or seemed barely weaned. A young gentleman with his own club hat-band had given him a frankly humorous stare, and an old gentleman with indigestion had looked at him as one looks at a noisy child. He had called up Hig Avery and Julian Abbott, and been informed that neither would be back in town until after New Year's Day. On the other hand, a man in 1921 whose name he still could not remember had greeted him warmly and tried to lead the conversation tactfully around to insurance. The club was perfectly fine; but if he and Trina ever moved to New York, he would join another one—after all, college clubs were for youth.

If they ever moved to New York: Well, after all, why shouldn't they? Trina would hate it, of course—she had been brought up in the friendliness of the West, and liked spaces better than crowds. But there were the children to consider. They loved the Range City life—but they had never had anything else. And somehow or other, in his last talk with Levinson, he had got the idea that Levinson was angling for him. There had certainly been the mention, "We need men like you in the East, Fenton." And after all, you're a born New Englander, aren't you? All very flattering—he had taken it merely as such. But supposing Levinson put up a real proposition. It meant uprooting ten years' work, but—the golden apple again! He breathed deeply—the golden apple! Perhaps, sometime, when they had their own place on Park Avenue, they would give a little dinner for Diana Corey and her husband, a quiet, perfect dinner.

He whirled, suddenly—he had left his stick in the club, like a fool; he'd have to get used to carrying one. As he whirled, he jostled a pile of packages which a woman in silver fox-furs was just handing to a chauffeur. The packages flew—the two men scrambled for them. Dan Fenton straightened up, with a package in his hand—and found himself looking into Diana Corey's eyes.

The flash came instantly. He had never imagined meeting her like this—it was something to happen after long preparation. But now it was happening, incredibly, casually, accidentally, on a crowded sidewalk, in front of a store, with the Santa Claus bells in his ears! And it was right, it was true. He knew, with an odd exultation, that they'd neither of them had to think of a name.

Her firm, light hand was in his. "Well," she said, in the voice he remembered, "old friends meet again. You're well, Dan—you're very well. I'm so glad. And you've got a moustache—I like it."

"I've got a cane too—a malacca one," he said solemnly. "But I left it in the club. Remember how you used to warn me about carrying canes?"

They both laughed, helplessly. She beat her hands together in the old impulsive gesture.

"Oh, Dan Fenton!" she said. "It's too good to be true. When on earth—"



HONEYMOON

By Richard Sherman

★ ★ ★ ★

right, lady, where is he, then? Don't tell me you've reached the parting of the ways already."

And even more shyly, the girl spoke, as if in answer to the unput question. "Jack, my husband, is"—she flushed defensively—"is seasick."

That was at dessert, and it was then that Chloe's features congealed in rigid self-suppression, not to relax until she had gained the seclusion of the cabin and lay helpless in her own merriment.

"Seasickness is not essentially a humorous ailment," reproved Walter, "as you would realize if you'd been born with anything besides the constitution of an ox—though a very charming ox, I grant. I was seasick once," he said, shuddering, "and that man has my deepest sympathy. Even,"—and then his own lips began to twitch suspiciously—"even if he is a bridegroom."

"A seasick bride," giggled Chloe, "is bad enough, although of course she can act flowerlike in the Elizabeth Barrett Browning manner. But a seasick bridegroom! Oh!" And then, with an effort, she sat erect and wiped her eyes. "I'm terrible," she acknowledged. "For penance I intend to be very nice to her."

Both of them were nice to her, because they liked her. Together they went to the movies, gazed at the stars—"Jack asks me about the stars," confided Mrs. Ferris, blushing—and promenaded the deck while the music from the ballroom floated past them to lose itself in the inky depths of the Atlantic ocean.

She would not dance, even with Walter. "Jack wants me to have a good time," she explained, "but somehow it doesn't seem quite right for me to dance when he's down there alone."

"I think," argued Chloe, "that you're devoted enough to him as it is—never even coming up on deck until evening. If you will forgive an old wife's tale," she said, "that man sounds to me like a Bluebeard. The idea is to break them in at once, you know. Don't dally."

Mrs. Ferris' face was dreamy. "No, no," she said. You don't understand Jack at all. He's—he's wonderful."

"Chloe, the years have dulled your sensibilities," Walter pointed out when they were alone; "but there was a time when even you paid some attention to your husband's whims. Myself, I regard Mrs. Ferris' attitude as very touching. Slightly idealistic, perhaps, but distinctly touching."

"And I," retorted Chloe, "think it's silly. If you should ask me, I believe I'm taking a strong dislike to Mr. Jack Ferris."

"Anyone who supplies his wife with a fresh orchid every night is not," he observed, "entirely devoid of tenderness."

"Orchids!" she shrugged. "What's an orchid after seven, when you've had to be cooped up all day in a stuffy cabin, like a paid nurse, in order to earn it?"

Every evening they inquired solicitously concerning the invalid's health—Walter with the genuine anxiety of one whom lightning has struck once, and may strike again. Chloe with a touch of irony; and every evening Mrs. Ferris gave them her report. "He's a little better today. Perhaps he can come up on deck to-morrow if it's calmer." But to-morrow never was calmer—it was merely worse; and so he still remained below.

Yet wherever they might go, Jack Ferris was always with them. He joined them in the bar when his wife ordered Daiquiris: "You see, Jack never drinks any other kind of cocktail." She must buy two keno boards in order that she might play one of them for each dime she inserted in the slot-machine, another accompanied it immediately, "for Jack." She even purchased two tickets to the ship's concert, "because Jack told me to," and they sat throughout the performance with the unused chair next to them.

The thought occurred to Chloe first. "Maybe my dramatic sense is running away with me," she said hesitantly, "but what if—what if he's tired of her already, and sends her up each evening just to get rid of her? Idolatry can be—well, a bit boring." She smiled nervously. "Goodness," she said, "wouldn't that be funny?"

Yes, agreed Walter, after a pause, that certainly would be a scream, wouldn't it? Meanwhile, suppose she gave her imagination a rest for a while; apparently it needed one.

And then, looking at each other, they knew that their minds had met.

"Oh, Walter," she said softly, "I couldn't bear that. She loves him so."

"Shut up, my dear," he said. "Shut up."

And now, now in the re-awakened activity of the cocktail hour, they sat in the bar on the last night out, awaiting Mrs. Ferris and her orchid. ("Remember the orchid," Chloe comforted herself. "He wouldn't give her an orchid if he didn't love her, would he? Or would he?") They also awaited the newest specimen of what was one of the most elaborate trousses they had ever seen. When it came, it proved to be the crowning glory of the lot—a white lace gown that could have been selected with only one goal in view: the captain's dinner. Seeing her, Chloe's heart lifted: surely no man could tire of a woman as beautiful as that.

Mrs. Ferris was gay that evening—gay when she arrived, gayer when they left to proceed down to the dining-salon; and at the table she donned her paper hat with the rest of them, although whereas those crepe buffooneries made the other women look either ridiculous or pathetic, hers merely enhanced her charm. The waiter pre-

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EVERY evening it was the same. At seven the ship was a ghost-ship, creaking and pitching and throbbing, and the reverberating echo of the pre-dinner gong was like some aboriginal mourning wail. So it was for half an hour, while the passengers dressed; and then, gradually, the decks and public rooms awoke. For on the S.S. Regina, life began at seven-forty.

It was at seven-forty also that the Greshams were wont to meet Isobel Ferris in the bar for cocktails. They made a point of meeting her, not only because they were sorry for her, but because she was their table-mate, and by their own request. "Put us with a bridal couple," Chloe had pleaded with the dining-steward. "We've been married four years, and we'd like to see if they're still turning them out in the same old pattern." Whereupon the steward, smiling the smile of a fellow-conspirator, had run an enquiring pencil down his list and said: "I'll put you with Ferris—Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris, of London. Yes?"

"An English bridal couple!" Chloe had exclaimed. "That'll be fine. It'll be sort of an experiment—to find out if they act human." Two of their six weeks' vacation had been spent in England, and Chloe hadn't particularly liked it.

"They won't," replied Walter, who had liked England even less than Chloe. "They probably don't even speak to each other."

And furthermore they didn't—at least not in the Greshams' presence! It was heartless to laugh; it was the token of a vulgar mentality and a perverted sense of humour; but—it was a joke, after all. Their interest had been aroused when no one had appeared to claim the two vacant chairs at breakfast or at luncheon; and Chloe, elevating her eyebrows in polite scepticism, had said: "So they don't speak to each other, you psychologist! Looks to me as if

they don't even want to see anybody else, they're that enraptured."

"You wait," advised Walter. "Love's dream can't last forever."

And so, curiously, they had waited, with Chloe laying a modest bet that no one would show up for dinner either. She was just about to collect her winnings that evening when, as they were starting on the soup, one of the chairs opposite was drawn back, and some one sat down—a rather beautiful girl with great dark eyes and lovely shoulders. Walter's knee nudged Chloe's, with a pressure that meant, "Pardon me, but I believe you owe me fifty cents," then nudged again with another pressure that signified: "She is what I, personally, would term a looker." After which, he proceeded to introduce himself.

It was obvious from the beginning that the girl was with them in the flesh only; for as she spoke, with a shy reserve at first, her glance kept straying to the empty plate beside her. She was also, as her accent informed them, as American as they themselves were.

All through that long meal they chatted—of the choppy sea, of the weather, of almost everything, in fact, except the missing spouse. By degrees it came out that the girl had made this same passage eastbound, only a month ago; that she lived in Chicago, that she hated what little she had seen of England (there was a bond!) Yet nothing else came out; and at last Chloe, the woman desperate, said brightly: "The steward tells us this is your wedding journey."

The girl lowered her eyelashes shyly; not coyly, but shyly. "Yes," she said. "We were married three weeks ago at Oxford, where my husband was doing postgraduate work, and now we're going home."

There was a waiting silence after that, during which Chloe's enquiring eyes asked: "All

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★ ★ THE BIRTH OF CHRIST ★ ★



AS TOLD BY ST. LUKE

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

AND Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

AND it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

Sing These Hymns Round Your Fireside

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethle-
hem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven
above!
Sing ye, All glory
To God in the highest!
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given!
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came
down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he, for mighty
dread
Had seized their troubled
mind,
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this
day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the
Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The Heavenly Babe you there
shall find
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapped in swath-
ing-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and
forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their
song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Goodwill henceforth from Hea-
ven to men
Begin and never cease.'

HARK! the herald angels
sing:
Glory to the new-born king:
Peace on earth, and mercy
mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the
Skies;
With the angelic host pro-
claim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Chorus
Hark! the herald angels
sing:
Glory to the new-born
King.

Hail the Heaven-born Prince
of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteous-
ness!
Light and life to all He
brings,
Risen with healing in His
wings;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may
die;
Born to raise the sons of
earth,

Born to give them second
birth.
AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its
light,
Leading onward, beaming
bright,
So, most gracious God, may
we
Ever more be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they
sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee be-
fore
Him whom Heaven and earth
adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the Mercy Seat.

As they offered gifts most
rare
As that manger rude and
bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's
alloy,
All our costliest treasures
bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heaven-
ly King.

Blessed Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things
are past,
Bring our ransomed souls
at last
Where they need no star to
guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory
hide.
In the Heavenly Country
bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its
Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not

down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from
Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable.
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and
lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous
childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly
mother
In whose gentle arms He
lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

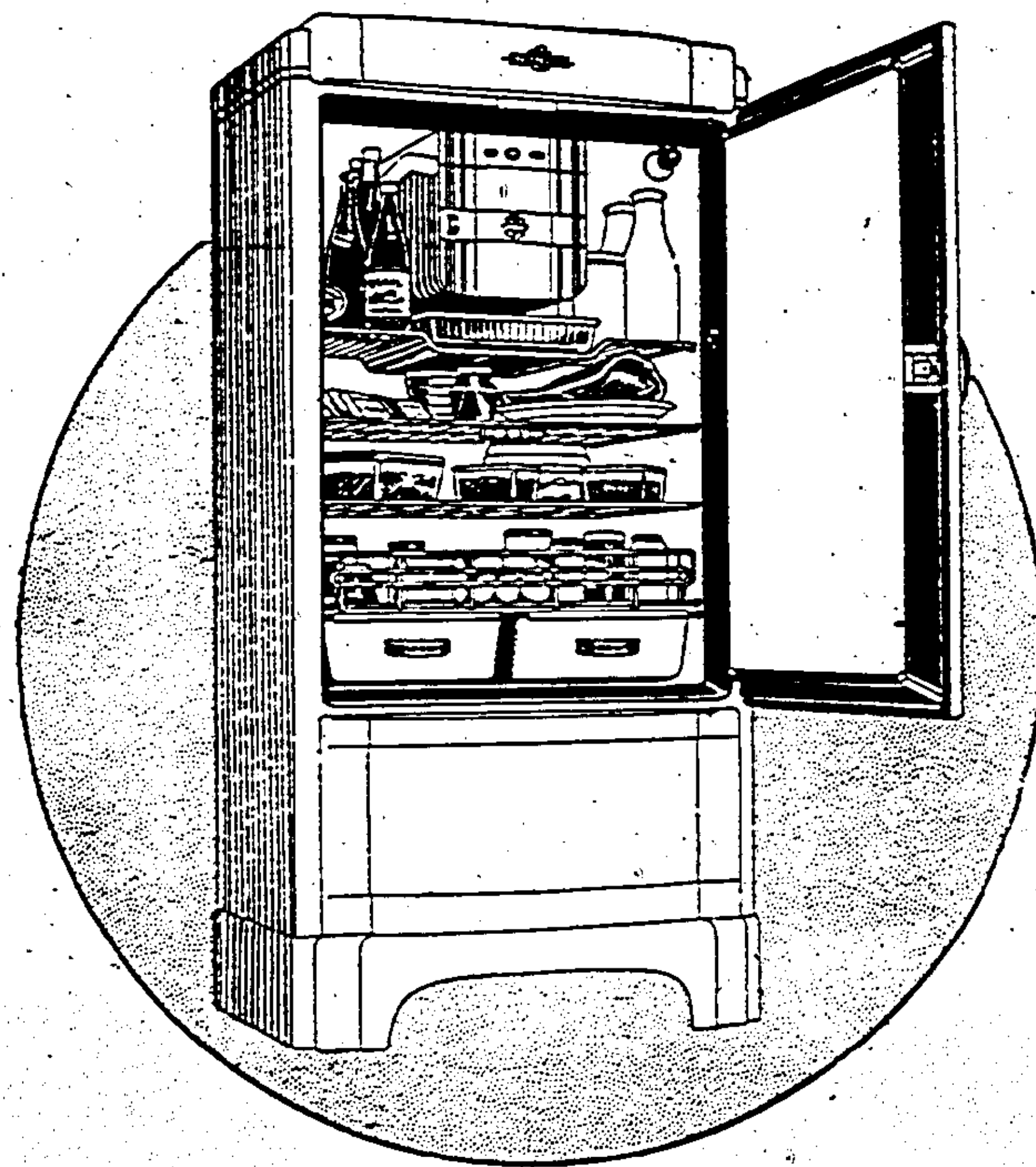
For He is our childhood's pat-
tern;
Day by day like us He grew:
He was little, weak, and help-
less,
Tears and smiles like us He
knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see
Him,
Through His own redeeming
love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven
above.
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

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KLISMAS

By Joan Hope White

AS the little grey-haired lady sat up in bed she drew the fleecy softness of her delicate bed-jacket closer, for this Christmas morning had brought to Lancashire the traditional white covering of snow, and even into the tightly-shuttered room the cutting air seemed to penetrate. On a chair beside her bed was a bedraggled teddy-bear, evidently a precious possession in spite of its age, for it was to it that the old lady turned on waking; her glance rested on its tattered coat, on its torn ear, and the place where the eye once was. She smiled. The little boy would never let her have another eye put in, he used to say.

As a sharp knock at the door sounded, she leaned over and hurriedly hid the bear under her eiderdown.

"Come in, Donald," she called. "And a very happy Christmas, my dear."

A tall man of perhaps thirty-five years entered quickly and took the little figure in his firm clasp. When he would have talked of plans for the day, his mother interrupted him.

"But, Donald, tell me first about that poor woman — Ethel King. I've been awake such a long time thinking about her and waiting for you to tell me. You came in too late for me to see you last night. They won't send her to prison, will they? You mustn't let them!"

The man smiled and patted her arm affectionately.

"Now don't you go worrying your little head about that matter. Why, it's Christmas Day, mother! No time for talking about such depressing things as prisons!"

She shook her head impatiently.

"Don't you see, Donald, that's the very reason why we should think of it — more than at any other time? Imagine how that poor young woman feels to-day. What a miserable Christmas it will be for her, not knowing what is going to happen to her and what would become of the children if she is put in prison!"

"Mother, darling, I love you taking an interest in my business affairs at the mill, as you always have, but you must leave this matter to me — and to the law. Stealing can't be allowed to go on in such a huge institution as the mill. You must see that — but a woman doesn't understand these questions!"

His mother motioned to him to sit in the chair where, earlier, the bear had been.

"My dear, to you I am an old woman — a beloved one, I know — but still an old woman, whose mind you think isn't capable of dealing with this question of Ethel King's guilt — don't you? Oh, yes, you do," she smiled as he would have interrupted.

"But because I understand this case as you could not pos-

sibly do, I am going to insist on your listening to me — and withdrawing the charge against that poor girl!"

The man's expression hardened, and it was the manager of the mill who answered her.

"That's impossible, mother. You don't seem to realise the charge. That woman deliberately stole materials from the mill. She . . ."

She caught his hand between her white ones, looking appealingly into his face.

"Oh, Donald, I never wanted you to know this. All these years I've kept it from you, but this Ethel King must be helped as I was helped all those years ago. I hate hurting you, but perhaps now when you are such a successful manager of the mill," her eyes were full of pride as she looked at her son, "perhaps it won't hurt as much."

"You see," she went on, still holding his hand between her own, "your father died when he and I were so young, and you were only two years old. There was so little money. The manager of the mill gave me work when he died, but I was ill and had to give it up. You weren't properly nourished, and I hadn't money to buy you the foods you needed. . . . Then suddenly you were ill, terribly ill. The doctors and nurses in the hospital were so kind, but I was only one of so many needing their help. . . ."

"Mother, I can't bear to think of you suffering like that. I knew we were poor, but I never imagined. . . ."

"No, dear, of course you didn't. And all that is behind us now — far behind us. But I must go on with the old story. I spent every minute I could at the hospital with you. I remember I used to look in the shop windows and wish I could take you some little thing to amuse you, but I couldn't!" She raised her arms expressively. "Then one day I found the doctor and two nurses around your bed. You were tossing your head from side to side, and calling for something they couldn't understand. But I could. You kept saying over and over in a weak little voice, 'Klismas. Klismas.' When you saw me you turned feverishly to me and went on asking for 'Klismas, mummy, Klismas.'"

"But what was 'Klismas'?" the man asked.

"Well, for nearly a year you



had longed for a big teddy-bear in the window of a little shop in High-street — that shop is still there, but much more grand than it was thirty years ago! I always hoped to be able to buy it for you when I had a little money, perhaps at Christmas time. As we walked past the shop you would point to it and say confidently, 'Klismas,' and I would smile confidently into the future and repeat, 'Christmas.' So the bear became 'Klismas' to us both. Then it disappeared. Christmas had passed, and I hadn't money for anything so expensive as the teddy-bear. Someone else had bought your beloved Klismas." She stopped a moment and lay back on her pillows.

"I hoped you had forgotten it, but when I heard you calling desperately for 'Klismas' in the hospital I knew you had not forgotten. . . . It was strange, but nothing in connection with your illness hurt me as much as that. That my child should have longed all those months for a toy I couldn't give him even when he was desperately ill. . . . The doctor said it was essential you should sleep, that this tossing about was doing you so much harm. 'Whatever it is he wants, we must get it for him,' the doctor told me; 'anything to stop this restlessness.'"

"I ran out of the hospital, down to the little shop, and asked who had bought the teddy-bear. I was told the wife of the manager of the mill had bought it before Christmas for her small daughter. I was determined you should have your Klismas, if only for a few days until the

crisis was passed. I was nervous at going to the manager's big house — this house, our house now, Donald — but I plucked up courage, rang the bell, and asked to see the mistress. I suppose I did look rather like the usual house-beggar in my impatience to get the toy and hurry back with it to you. I was so sure that the manager's wife would not refuse me such a thing."

"But she didn't refuse you that, mother?"

"She didn't have the chance!" His mother smiled and shook her head.

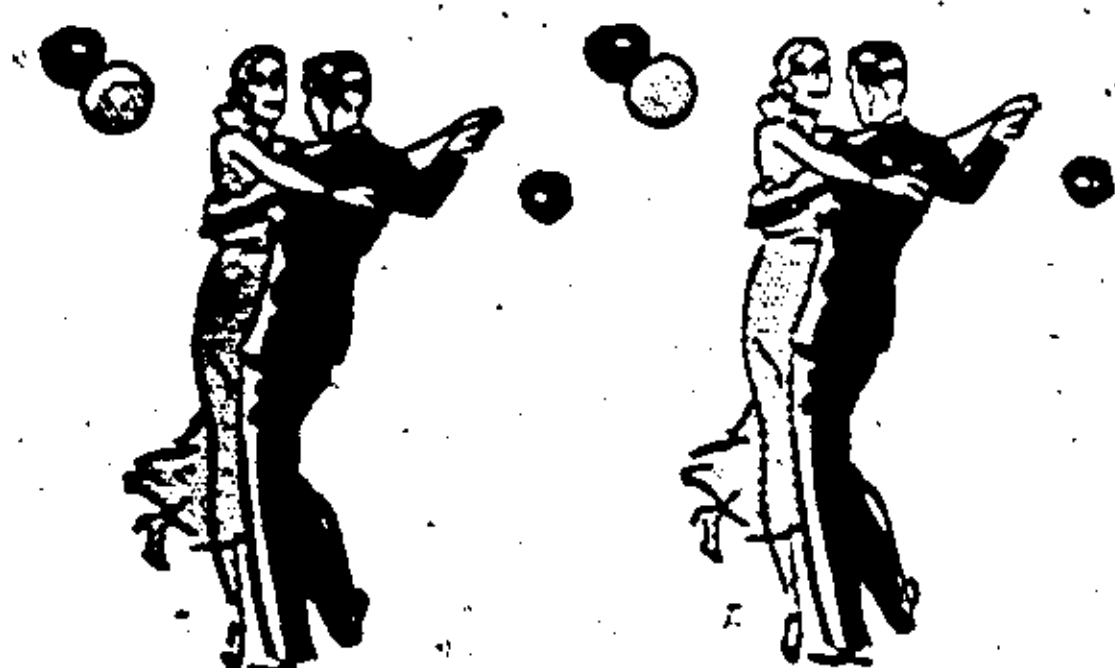
"The maid was too much for me. She wouldn't believe that I wanted anything else but to beg money from her mistress, and nothing I could say would make her let me in. I have never forgotten how I felt as the door was shut and I had to turn away from the house — without what I was confident would save you. All my faith in human nature seemed to leave me. I was just a wild thing fighting for my child. As I turned to shut the gate I saw the little girl and her nurse playing under some trees in the far end of the garden — where your children love playing now — and lying on the grass only a little way from me were some toys she had evidently tired of. Among them was Klismas! I'm afraid I didn't hesitate! I just ran across the lawn, snatched the bear, and ran through the gate, not even looking behind to see if the nurse had seen me. I didn't care if she had! I had Klismas — and in that case possession would certainly have been nine-tenths of the law as far as I was concerned!"

"Oh, Donald, even if I'd been imprisoned for it afterwards it would have been worth while stealing that bear!" Her hand stroked the bump in the eiderdown lovingly. "I don't remember how I got to the hospital, but it must have been quickly. You were still turning restlessly, but tried to hold out your weak



(Continued on Page 28)

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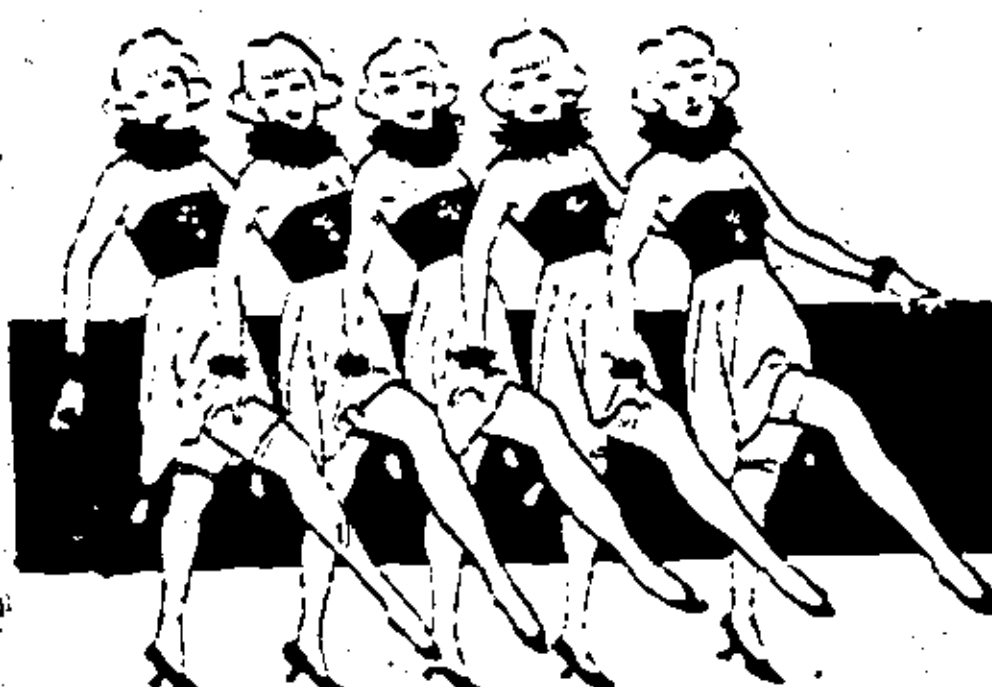
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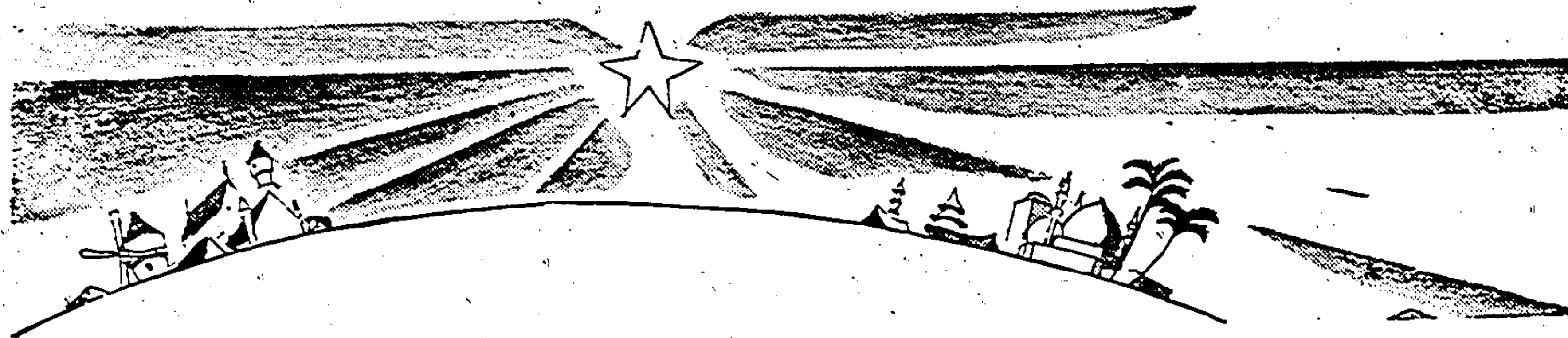


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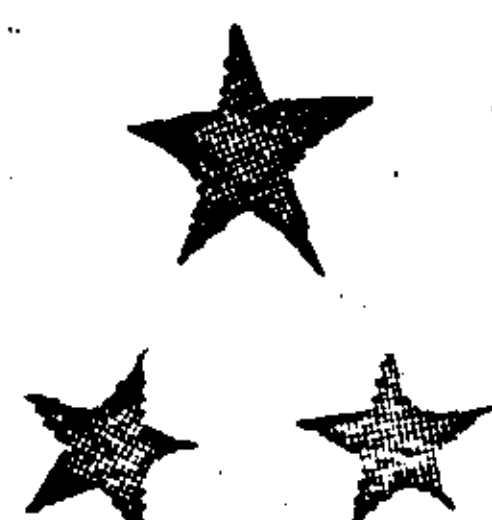
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WHAT THE STARS FORETELL



ASTROLOGY is one of the oldest sciences in the world, and to-day, after many years of neglect, except on the part of a few devotees, it is becoming popular, and is being studied seriously by thousands. Even the novice who has not delved deep into its mysteries, is often amazed by the revelation that a brief study of the stars has given of his own character and those of his friends. The ancient astrologers believed that the sun and the planets had great influence over the lives of people. They discovered that the sun made a complete circle of the heavens during the year, so they divided the sky into twelve parts, which they called "houses," in which the sun stayed for a period during the year. These houses answered to the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. To each of these houses astrologers ascribe a definite rulership or significance. If you want to make an accurate forecast of what the stars foretell for anyone, then, of course, a horoscope must be made, and the exact time, date, and place of the birth of that person must be known. If, however, you just want an outline of the characteristics and tendencies of anyone, it can be done if the birthday is known.

There are twelve Signs of the Zodiac:—

- Aries, the Ram. Ruling planet, Mars. March 21 to April 19.
- Taurus, the Bull. Ruling planet, Venus. April 20 to May 20.
- Gemini, the Twins. Ruling planet, Mercury. May 21 to June 21.
- Cancer, the Crab. Ruled by the Moon. June 22 to July 22.
- Leo, the Lion. Ruled by the Sun. July 23 to August 23.
- Virgo, the Virgin. Ruling planet, Mercury. August 24 to September 22.
- Libra, the Balance. Ruling planet, Venus. September 23 to October 23.
- Scorpio, the Scorpion. Ruling planet, Mars. October 24 to November 22.
- Sagittarius, the Archer. Ruling planet, Jupiter. November 23 to December 21.
- Capricorn, the Goat. Ruling

planet, Saturn. December 22 to January 19.

Aquarius, the Water Bearer. Ruling planet, Saturn. January 20 to February 19.

Pisces, the Fishes. Ruling planet, Jupiter. February 19 to March 21.

All the planets have their own particular influence. Briefly, the sun gives vitality. The moon affects the emotions and the dream life. Mars gives courage and the ability to fight with circumstances. Venus bestows love of one another and love of beauty. Saturn gives stability and limits our emotions. Jupiter brings joy and an artistic nature. Mercury is the planet of wisdom and rules the intellect.

Now let us consider birthdays. Is your birthday anywhere between March 21 and April 20? Then you are an Aries subject. It is the sign of sacrifice, and you are probably unselfish, determined and earnest. You want to lead and to dominate. You are generous and magnetic, bright and witty. You love beauty. You have the gift of sympathy, and may be blind to your friends' faults and be deceived by them. Your faults are a tendency to become inflated by success, obstinacy, anger, and impetuosity. You do not need stimulants, and should eat plain, nourishing food. The happiest marriage will result from a union with a Sagittarius person, and then your children will be physically strong and mentally bright. The next thing is a marriage with another Aries subject. Your lucky stones are diamonds and amethysts, your best day, Tuesday, your colour, white and rose-pink, your metal, iron.

A Taurus person (April 20 to May 20) is fearless and kind, generous and persevering, but apt to be easily irritated. He or she has a deep love of all young things, a special fondness for animals, and a strange power over them. A marked

love of the beautiful is a characteristic. Taurus people need to govern themselves, and not let themselves be led away by appearances. They may have many love affairs and be married twice. The happiest marriages are between those born under Taurus and Capricorn, and the children of these signs are physically robust, or between Taurus and Libra. Their birth-stones are emerald and moss-agate, their colours, red and yellow, their lucky day, Friday, and their metal, copper.

If you are born under the sign of Gemini (May 21 to June 21), you may have a dual nature. You are affectionate, generous, and kind, and very proud of your family. You have a strong religious nature. If you are a woman you have a love for flowers and colour, and of the beautiful in art and nature. Have you dark hair, a bright complexion, and hazel eyes? Your faults are restlessness, grumbling, and imagining evil where none exists. Don't go to extremes, or judge superficially. Beware of jealousy. Cultivate patience and the spiritual side of life. Marry someone under Aquarius or Virgo if you can. Your stones are beryl, aquamarine, and sapphire; your colours, red, blue, and white.

Persons born under the sign of Cancer are extremely sensitive. They have great determination, yet if their feelings are hurt they will give up whatever they have undertaken. They are very fond of travel, intelligent, generous and sympathetic. Their faults are too great a love of change, and a tendency to talk too much about themselves. Their fondness of money may lead them to become a little miserly, and the women must beware of growing too fond of clothes and jewels. They should not marry early in life. A happy marriage is most likely if they marry those born under Pisces or Scorpio. Their lucky stones are emerald and black onyx,

and their colours, green and brown.

Anyone who has a birthday between July 23 and August 23 comes under the sign of Leo. He or she is kind-hearted, sympathetic, magnetic and generous. The women make good nurses, and they are devoted to their children. They also make splendid cooks, and the men are good caterers. Both men and women are inclined to be lazy. Their faults are that they are impetuous, fiery, and passionate, and unless they are self-controlled, inclined to be cunning. Care should be taken in selecting a husband or wife. The best partner is one born in Sagittarius or in Aries. Their stones are the ruby and diamond, and their colours, red and green.

Those who have Virgo for their sign are methodical, generous, and very solicitous about other people's affairs, especially their love affairs. They can keep a secret. The women are most particular about matters of dress, and like to lead a fashion. Both men and women are magnetic healers, and possess curative powers. They are also philosophical. Their faults are a tendency to interfere and domineer, too great a love of money and position. They should not attempt to doctor themselves or take too great an interest in their own maladies. When tired, a few hours quietness in the country will cure them. Virgo seems to bestow perpetual youth upon her subjects. They should marry those born under Gemini or Pisces. Their gems are sapphire, opal, turquoise, and their colours, blue, pink, and green.

People who have Pisces for their sign make loyal friends and devoted lovers. They are honest and very generous. They are fond of responsibility, although sometimes lacking in self-esteem. They need to guard against worry and imagining things that never happen. Restlessness, lack of judgment and discrimination, and asking too many questions are their faults. They should marry someone under Virgo or Capricorn, or even Gemini, but not Libra or Sagittarius. Their stones are chrysolite and moonstone; their colours, white, pink, emerald-green, and black.



DO YOU MAKE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS?

By R. L. MERGROZ

THERE are commonly two ways of looking at New Year resolutions. Some people say that they have given up making resolutions, having found by experience that such resolutions are soon broken. Others see in the New Year a chance of concentrating on a helpful idea.

Miss Lilian Baylis, the Manager of the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells theatre suggested a resolution for the public generally. "I should like," she said, "more people to form a New Year resolution to get the theatre habit, which is far more common on the Continent than in England, and to make a rule to visit a good play as often as their means afford."

"By this means," she added, "I am sure that as a nation our sympathy and understanding at home and abroad would be widened, and art, which makes its most popular and accessible appeal through the theatre, would lead us to a very real League of Nations."

"The best resolution I have ever made," said Mr. Mark Hambourg, "was to become a pianist. But as for making any other resolutions, what is the use nowadays? Conditions of life are becoming so puzzling that one would have to alter any resolutions as soon as one made them."

"Perhaps it is simplest to say," as Mr. Eden Phillpotts did: "I never made a New Year's resolution in my life," but how many people could truthfully say that?

Made Them Early

Mr. R. J. Minney, co-author of "Clive of India," is more in touch with the majority. "I once applied to my resolutions," he confessed "the wholesome rule about Christmas shopping: I made mine early. In order to test their worth I gave them a

vigorous canter during the week between Christmas and New Year.

"As a result, the season that is so full of festivity and merriment for others proved for me the most agonising week in my life, and by New Year's Day I abandoned in disgust all my fine theories, clinging instead to the resolve not to have any resolutions at all."

Mr. J. R. Clynes, Member of Parliament for Plating, says that the best resolution he ever made was 'never to regard any period of time as unimportant. To do anything merely to 'pass the time away' is a fatal habit of mind and in a spell of years

corresponds to a serious loss of life values."

Something to think over there; and also in the confession of the novelist and sports writer, Mr. Thomas Moul, whose resolution was: "To endeavour, in my moments of fret, annoyance, and what seems to be real and catastrophic trouble, to imagine myself a year older; and so, looking back from my conning-tower of detachment, to see those discordant moments in their proper perspective."

Mr. J. D. Beresford, well known as a novelist and story writer, has a philosophic mind. His view of New Year Resolutions is enlightening and makes

a good background to all these confessions:

"My last New Year resolution was to make none, and none has been so well kept."

"I remember, however, that in my own days of good intending, I once met a Cambridge mathematician—a young man at that time—who told me that he never had much hope of those of his students who were given to making resolutions. The men he liked were those who didn't have to do that."

"The truth is that the mere fact of having to do this thing indicates an opposition to the personality. There is a fight on between the wish and the will, and although the will may win for a time, a few days or weeks, the wish will presently have its turn. This is why all those good intentions to keep a diary seldom last until the end of January."

"It is not until the wish and the will work together—a happy partnership never achieved by the opposition implied in the making of resolutions—that the great results are obtained."

When I consulted Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, Sir Arthur composed a poem for me:

*As the Zodiac circle revolved
Bringing Capricorn round to
Aquarius,*

*My faults year by year I resolved
To reform (they were frequent
and various).*

*But this life is a catholic ground,
And a trespass so like us
frustrum.*

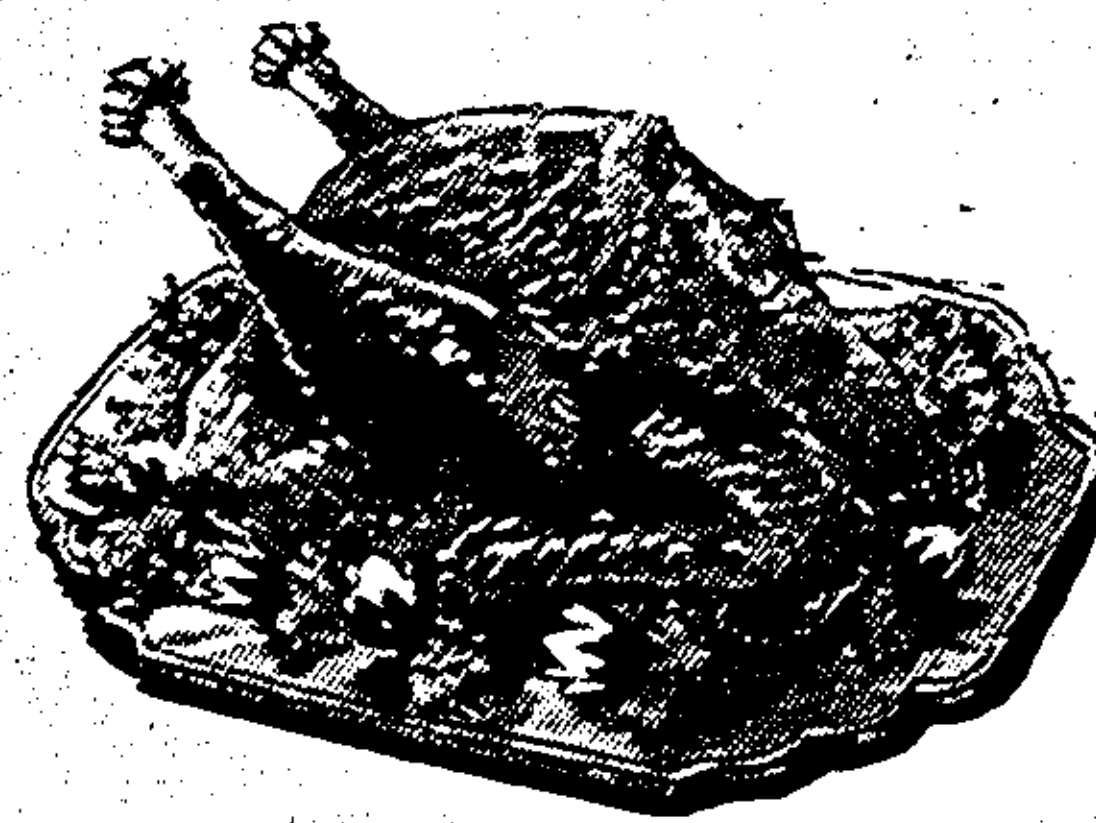
*That a way with my faults I
have found—*

*Re-christened 'em "habits,"
and stuck to 'em.*

How can I leave the reader with a lighter-hearted New Year message?



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THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT

By Constance Curlewis

BY profession he was a solicitor, but by "trade" a machinery dealer. In the early days, when his services were unsolicited, he spent most of his time loitering around bankrupt mines and unused quarries; in fact, it was this inattention to duty that was the cause of his professional failure.

When he should have been at office he was after "bargains." He rushed the morning papers and read the machinery columns; attended all the auction sales within a hundred-mile radius; wrote letters to sawmill proprietors and mine-managers; and talked of vertical engines and Lancashire boilers and high pressures and horizontal compounds till his mother and sisters were sick of the subject. Jess even went so far as to say that she now turned away from her sewing machine with a feeling of nausea, while Joan facetiously added, "I flung the sausage machine down the cellar." And Isobel declared that she always rode in the very last seat of the very last car of a railway train to put the greatest possible distance between herself and the engine.

The father, only, listened and smiled and understood. He it was who had inspired his son—who talked machinery by the hour with him.

Years ago, he told Jack, he had bought some iron rails for £300 and sold them a few months later for £1,000. And Jack had never rested till he had bought an eight horse-power boiler, an old winch, and a ton or so of cast-iron (from a widow) for £10 and sold them for £50. Then the spirit of the thing gripped and held him. His business took a downward leap, and Jack Langham, as a solicitor, was soon unknown.

But, though he had discarded the legal profession, it had by no means discarded him. Involuntarily it crept into his correspondence, and sometimes into his speech.

He made money in the new venture, however, and in three years was able to marry.

NOW they sat on the verandah, she looking out to where sails, brown and white, dotted the blue waters of the bay. The leaves of a camphor-laurel beat softly on the roof, and the scent of hyacinths mingled fragrantly with the salt sea air.

"Wednesday is our wedding anniversary, Jack," she said half-dreamily; "our first. What are you going to give me?" Then, rousing herself, she added, "It must be something novel, and pretty, and, above all, something that you really admire." And, coming across to where he sat, she laid her hand on his arm. "I've already chosen yours, but you mustn't know yet."

"I shall go into town on Tuesday," he replied, "and spend the whole day in choosing the prettiest thing the city holds."

But Tuesday came, and with it a telegram. It was from one of his country agents. "On no account miss," it said, "chance of a lifetime. Great Sussex mine bankrupt. Whole plant for sale. Comparatively new."

He went to his wife's room. But she was sleeping so deeply and peacefully that he had not the heart to waken her. He supposed she had had a wakeful night.



Crossing to his own room again, he scribbled on a piece of paper, "Many kisses, dearest — and tenderest love. Sorry I can't be with you on the anniversary or spend to-day in choosing your present. But I know you will understand. (See telegram annexed)." He was on the point of adding, "marked 'A,' with black writing thereon," or some such phrase, when he suddenly remembered. Just then the clock chimed the half-hour, and, seeing he had only a few minutes to spare, he scribbled furiously on.

You said that your present must be novel and pretty, and above all something that I particularly admire. Well, dear, I have just the thing. Of its novelty, under the circumstances, I have no doubt; but handsome would describe it rather than pretty, and, as for my admiring it — well, it's splendid. Take the key that lies beside this note and open my office; walk right through into the next room, and there is your present.

Good-bye, dearest — I have just time to catch my train. Shall be away two or three days.

Jack.

And, closing the door silently after him, he walked swiftly down the street to the railway station.

SYBIL LANGHAM stood before her husband's dressing table, disappointment in her eyes. There was no resentment — as Jack had said, she understood. But, though she reasoned with herself, the sense of discontent would not leave her.

"Of course, he can't help it," she repeated; "it would have been madness for him not to go. How foolish of me to feel it so."

"But it's our first anniversary," put in her other self, who cast futures aside and lived in the present, "and I was hoping for such a happy day. It is a shame."

She sat down, on the verge of tears.

"Perhaps he feels disappointed, too," she thought. And strangely this comforted her. Picking up the key, she went to her room, put on her hat, and set out for the office. She would like to see her present to-day. "What could it be?" she wondered.

The office was not far away, and in a short space she was there, standing at the door of

No. 2 machinery store — facing her present. There was no doubt of it, for the room contained only one thing — a portable engine and boiler combined; and it was rusty!

She glanced through a doorway into another room and saw new-looking, painted boilers and bright brasses and steel. None were so big or ugly as this, and none had those hideous wheels.

HER overstrung nerves collapsed. She no longer strove to keep back the tears, but burst into a flood of them. Sob after sob convulsed her. The thing was a cold, cruel joke.

For ten minutes she sat thus, and then a knock at the door — the outer one. What could she do? Where could she hide? Somewhere, oh, anywhere! Her eyes were red and swollen and her face all stained with tears. Like a hunted thing she looked round for a means of escape, but there was none. Should she conceal herself behind the engine? No — great heaven! he was coming in — he would see her crouched away like a guilty thing. She would face it. Hastily drying her eyes, she drew down her eye veil and went forward to meet him.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, madam. Can I see Mr. Langham? I heard he had a portable engine and boiler for sale."

"I am afraid you cannot see Mr. Langham; he went up country this morning." Then a gloomy sense of humour urged her to add, "But you have been misinformed about the engine and boiler — it is I, and not my husband, who has it for sale."

He cast a quick glance at her, then asked if he might see it.

"Certainly — will you come this way?"

And, indicating the offending thing, she watched his face for signs of the inevitable shock. But he merely looked at it in an ordinary way — took off his coat, got inside the boiler, tapped here and there, got out his pocket-knife, tried to dig it into sundry places, got out again, spent the best part of an hour overhauling the engine, put on his coat, and offered her "two-fifty" for it.

Sybil gave an inaudible gasp, but quickly recovered.

"I couldn't possibly take less than five hundred," she said in her most businesslike manner. "It's in thorough working order." This a hazard.

A moment since and she had not the faintest conception of its worth, for Jack, seeing he had made a mistake in talking "shop" on every possible occasion, meal and other times, in his old home, with much self-sacrifice became a "total abstainer" in his new. But Sybil knew buyers always kept religiously below full value, in fact, made utterly ridiculous offers, hence her demand for the five hundred.

The man looked at her again with steady scrutiny.

"Hm," he thought, "pretty sharp. No wonder it's you and not your husband who has it for sale. However, there's no time to be wasted—every hour means a heavy loss. I must have one to-day, and this is the finest I've seen. Thirty horse-power, nearly new. It's worth five hundred."

"Madam," he said aloud, after sufficient hesitation, "I'll give you three hundred for it."

"I said five hundred. Good morning," said Sybil, drawing herself up.

"These women know as much about transacting business as a two-days-old kitten," he growled under his breath, at the same time casting an admiring glance at his fair opponent. "Of course it's only bluff, though. By jove! she's shutting the door! Well, I'm blow'd—"

"Madam," he said aloud—the contested difference dwindled into nothingness beside the company's losses in case of delay—"I'll give you five hundred — is it settled?"

THE necessary articles were provided, and ten minutes later Sybil Langham sat alone in the office with a cheque for five hundred pounds, containing the signature of one of the biggest city firms.

There was a swift movement in the room, and her husband spoke: "Sale's put off till Friday, dear—met a messenger a couple of stations down — some mess up. So we'll spend our anniversary together after all."

"I see you didn't waste much time in coming to see your present," he added; "isn't it splendid?"

"It's more than splendid, Jack — there's an air of grandeur about it."

"I thought you'd like it." His voice was ecstatic. "I suppose you thought it was a new-fangled hammock or something of that sort."

"I must have it cleaned up and sell it for you," he went on; "it only arrived yesterday. Best deal I've ever made — got it for £100. Why, it's worth three times that amount."

"I've just sold it for five hundred," she said.

Jack stared.

Then she related in detail her morning's transactions—less the disappointment.

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

But now he came to think, he had made another mistake; for here was a woman of his own composition — a woman who, at first sight of his beloved hobby, actually applied the word that described it best. How many happy evenings had he lost — when he might have talked by the hour with Sybil on the one topic? How many long journeys had he taken alone when he might have had a genial and enthusiastic companion? And he then and there determined to remedy his mistake.

And Sybil—?

(THE END).

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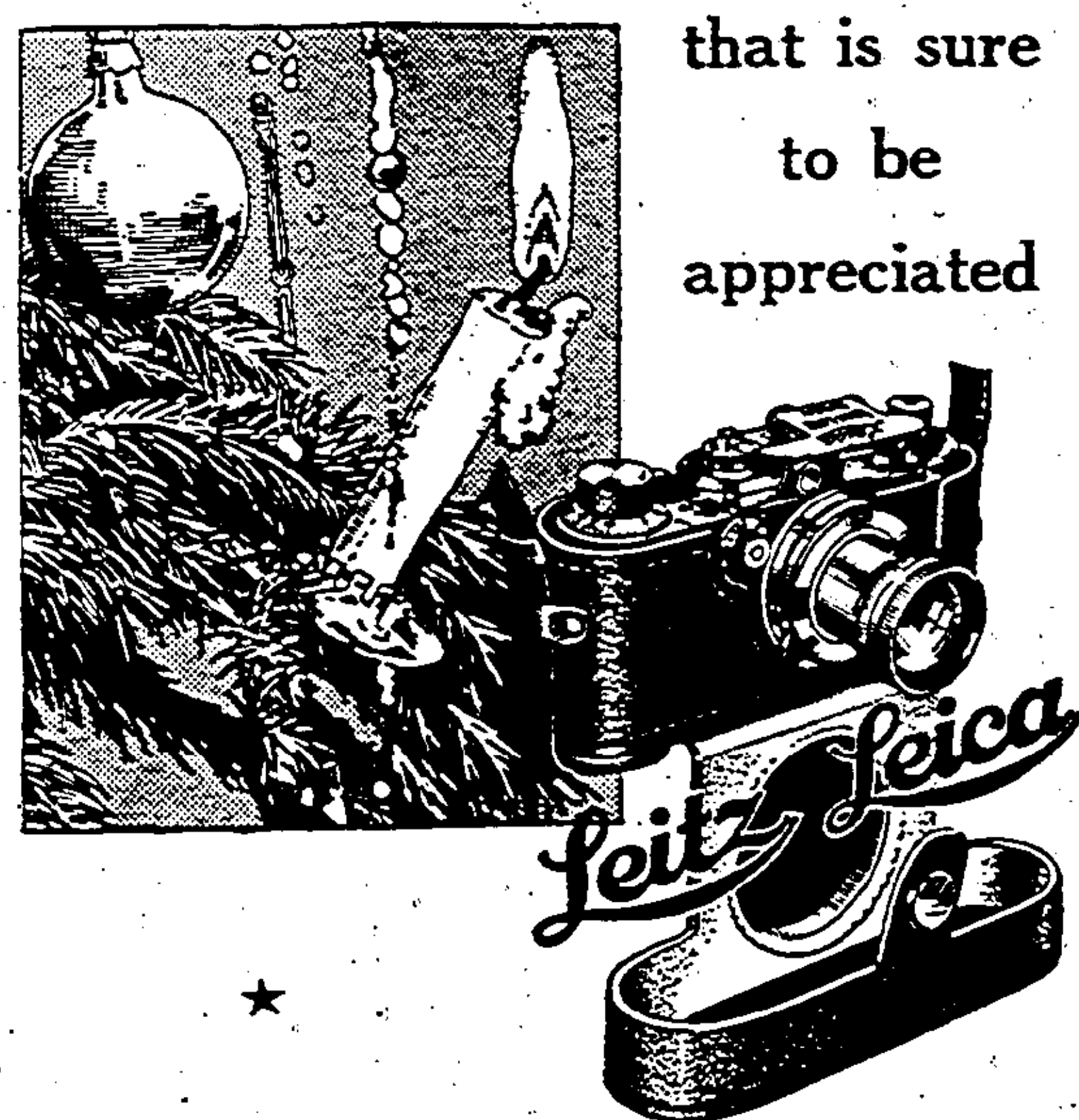
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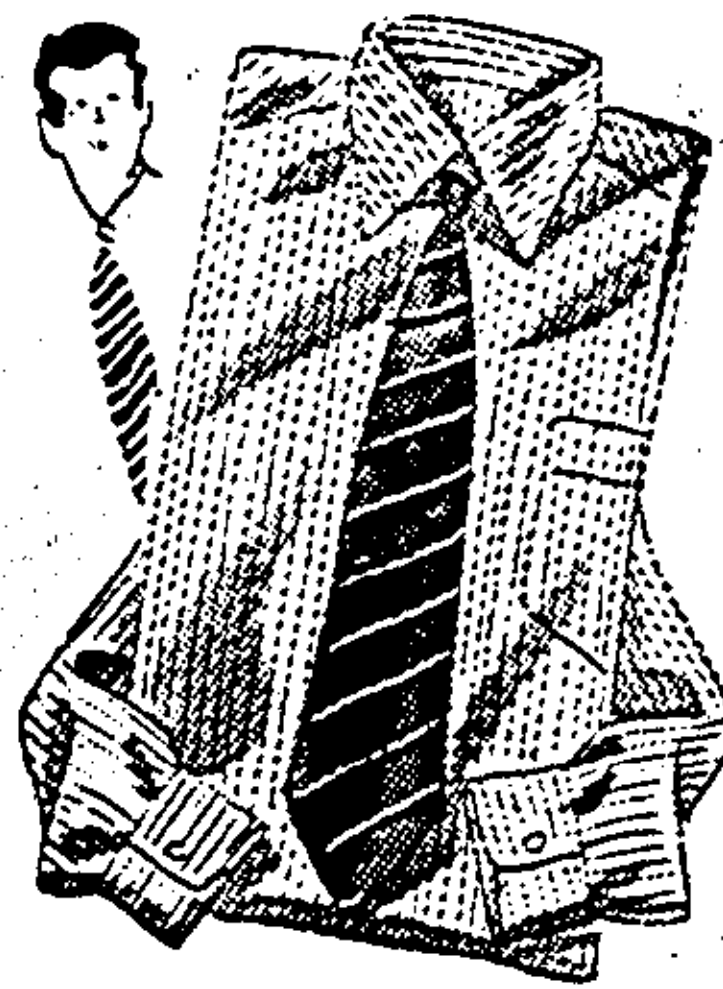
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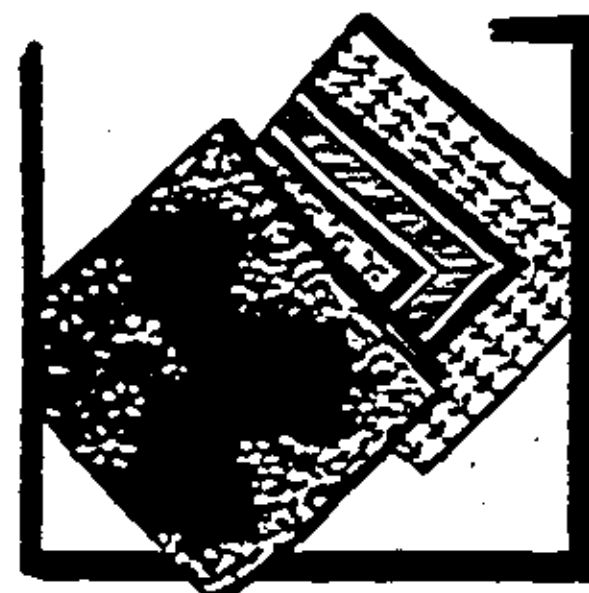
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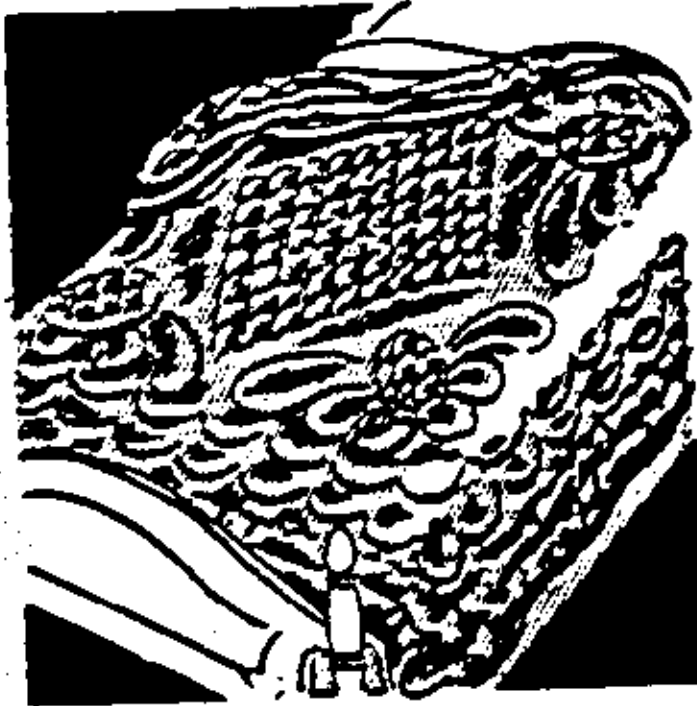
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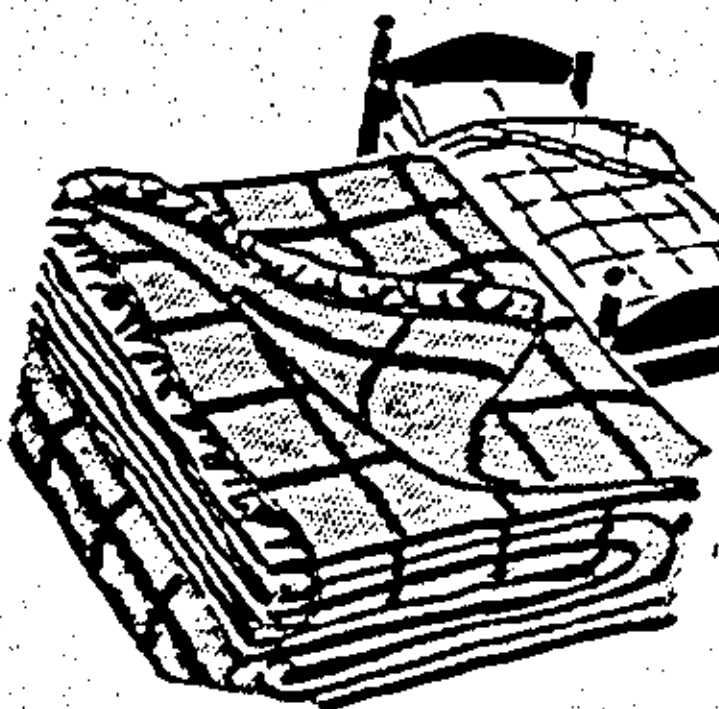
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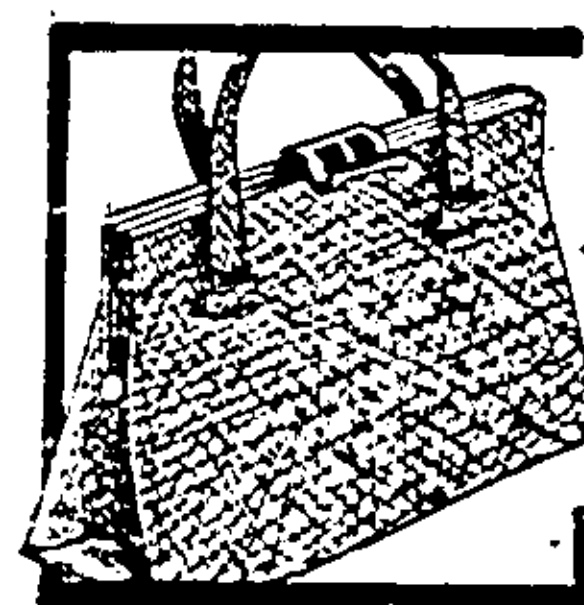
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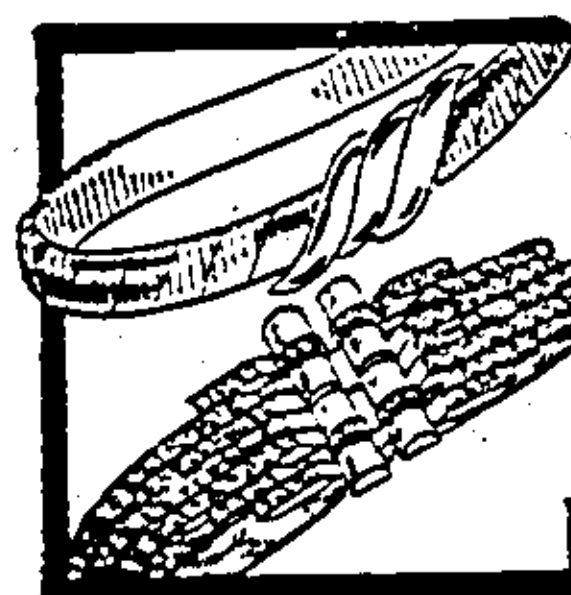
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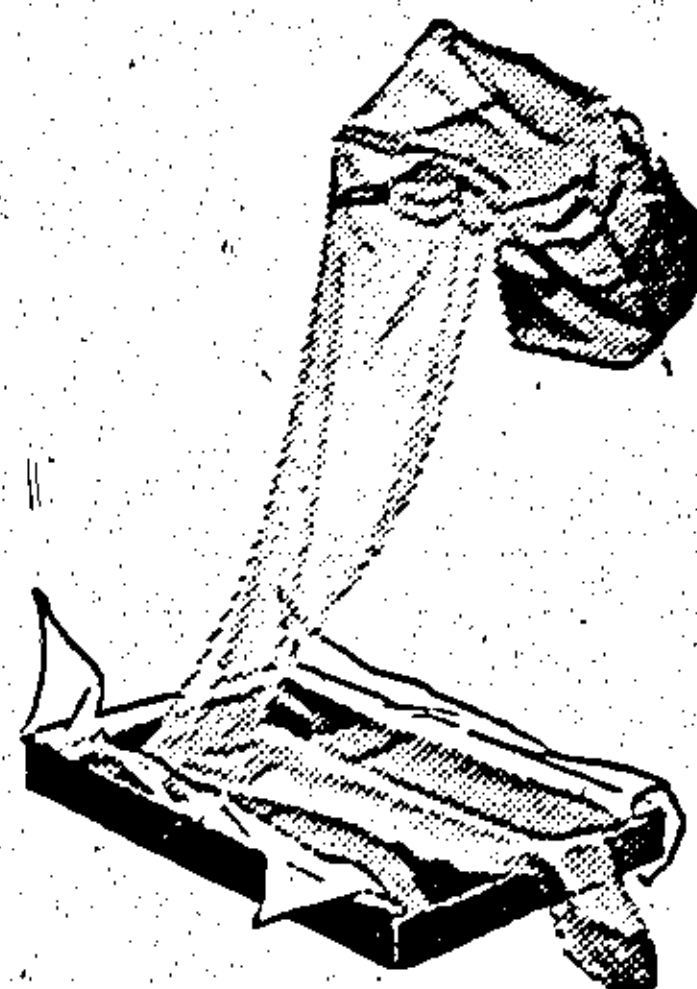
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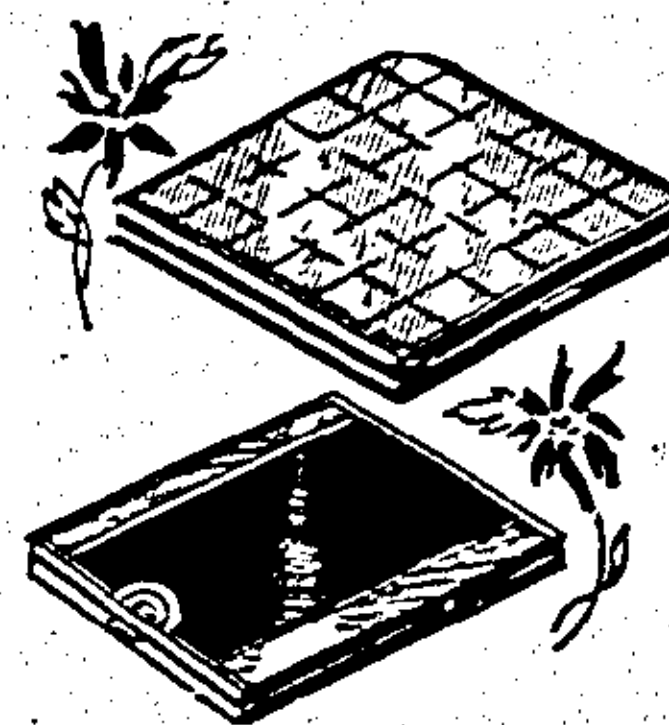
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FRISK'S CHRISTMAS

(By Leonard Woodward)

FRISK might have boasted that he lived at the hall. He was a goodly-sized rodent; a born hustler who knew every cranny and corner of the old place. The eve of Christmas found him picking his way from a stream at the rear of the out-buildings.

A very singular thing had happened. Every night there had been a quiet visit to the banks for the slaking of the furry creature's thirst; and a rat can thirst. He used to sip at the same place every night, in the shelter of a leafless, hollow willow trunk which looked as if any moment it would topple in to the water. This day had seemed especially wintry, and a deep layer of white flakes had fallen from heavy grey clouds.

From a secret look-out Frisk had waited and watched until all around was quiet, and the sun had gone down behind the woods, leaving rosy lines across the snow. One good track to the stream, where some men had hauled a heavy yule log from the fields, was clear. By this winding pathway the rodent stole down to the brink. Little ripples ran across his furry back as he thrilled with the prospect of a much-needed drink.

Chilling disappointment came, and Frisk drew back and shuddered. The surface was glassy and too cold for his shivering condition. Things often happened like that to a rodent.

Within a short time the creature had hurried back to the dark seclusion of the old buildings, just as the first star in the eastern sky glowed above the shadowy gable beyond.

When life's disappointments came to Frisk he used to climb an old strut and obtain access through a hole to the floor above, there to think out a plan of campaign. This was so much more sensible than sulking. A rodent can never afford to sulk.

To-night Frisk altered his plan and, having reached the floor above, started to rove about, for the night was cold.

He had done this before, and had sometimes made attacks upon large flour sacks. Having eaten his fill of the satisfying millflour, he wandered about nervously. A white-whiskered face is a vexing problem when a large retriever is about the place. Frisk always dreaded being 'retrieved.'

Strangely enough, there were heavy footsteps now on the same floor. The rat followed an old rule of turning back and running in a straight line for the nearest friendly ambush. A moment later he thrilled with alarm, for a lantern shone close by him, and here were two luminous green lights which were the keen eyes of the dog. Speed seemed to be the little creature's undoing for a moment, but then came swift events so unforeseen by a poor, scuttling trespasser like the rat.

In a twinkling he slipped, glided, tumbled down such a sheer slope as ever creature had experienced, and landed safely on a straw-litter. Frisk had slithered down a sack chute into the most surprising place of all.

It was the outhouse where the black retriever spent most of his meal-times. Here was a large biscuit, a meaty bone, and a shallow dish of some cold broth. A yule treat for the excited Frisk. To make the event so much more happy, the dog safely scampering about above began yelping, and there was none to hear a rat sipping or carrying off a hard biscuit through a round cat's hole in the door.

Upon the drawn blind of the hall was the shadow of a decorated spruce tree, gay with a tinsel reflection and dancing candle-light. Children's voices pitched high an old melody of an old-time monarch who once stepped out with his page to seek a poor peasant who lived close by 'St. Agnes Fountain.'

Frisk bolted away into the do-

main of floor beams and knew nothing of the romance of a mouse-family under the hall floor who were in total darkness except for narrow streaks of light which came from the spaces between the planks. Above them was the striking mellow tinkle of the old spinet and children's carol.

There was the temptation for Mr. and Mrs. Greycoat to make a Christmas-eve excursion for food, under cover of the music, but the wise parent mouse gave a knowing twist of the head which always meant 'caution.'

Then followed much bustle and movement in the room over the home of the Greycoats; the rattle of crockery and all the noises which to a hungry mouse-family meant the family was soon retiring for the night. Mrs. Greycoat was so intent on all this that when her mate slipped away out of the horsechair-and-wool home, she had no knowledge of his departure.

It was half an hour later that, having explored the usual haunts of her partner, Mr. Greycoat shinned up a leaning rafter in an old passage where antlers and old paintings showed upon the walls in dim lamplight. Here was a long ridge running along the wall, and with much caution and timidity the mouse reached the sill of a small coloured window with queer diamond panes. At this surprising out-of-the-way place she caught sight of her mate, who was standing erect upon his hind legs, his pointed face lit up with a pale-blue ray from the window, which, to the surprised Mrs. Greycoat, seemed very strange, unexpected, and very silly. It always was so necessary to know what a mouse-parent was up to.

But in the next moment the truth of the situation was quite clear.

On the far side of the sill was a number of small shelled filbert nuts, and the male mouse had

been in the act of crossing over to them when the blue shaft of light had struck across his face, completely bewildering his sharp wits, and making him see things very hazily and mistily.

Taking in the whole danger and urgency of the moment, Mrs. Greycoat was in the act of uttering a low whimper of mouse-code, but the effort was not needed, for in a brief instant everything was pitch-black because of the switching of all the house lights into a silent oblivion.

No need to tell of the skill and patience of two grey mice who travelled so carefully and sure-footedly back along the ridge to the floor-nest under the hall. The Greycoats were now sure of their Christmas fare.

The truth of all things that night was that the life of a rodent at the festive season was to get what one could and be quick about it—a life-strategy which could never claim to be a moral.

Out at the rear of the old hall a lone silver birch caught the soft light which came from a starry sky, and a pair of robins were swaying on a pendant half-coco-nut, picking at a mixture of snowflakes and bread-crumbs and feeling the zero nip of the midnight hour.

Twelve deep strokes sounded from a bell tower somewhere near, and then a very sudden crash down by the stream.

The hollow willow-trunk had fallen upon the glassy surface, sending up thousands of little jewels of sparkling ice.

That first hour of Christmas found Frisk back at the bank sipping icy water, with a fat water-vole squatting opposite on the other bank.

So many creatures of the 'under-world' are so very content if they can only celebrate their Yule with water.

We shall add to our own Christmas pleasure if we remember how much a few bread-crumbs and a pan of water are needed by the birds. Let them not share the hard times which come to the rodents.

CHRISTMAS PARTY GAMES

Pictorial Consequences

THE Christmas season is rich in that assembling of miscellaneous companies whose entertainment presents to the harassed hostess a problem at once urgent and distressing. The application of food and drink, however varied and extensive, however exhausting in its search and preparation, cannot occupy more than a limited space of time; the exchange of family or friendly news is ended; bridge is too intimate, too selfish; the wireless palls or, with the uncanny presence of the inanimate world, stages one of its infrequent breakdowns. And the agonising question arises: "What shall we do?"

At the first glimpse of paper and pencils the guests wilt visibly. "Oh, I couldn't do anything at all clever, dear," protests Aunt Minnie. "Not all those things beginning with A," wails Cousin Chloe. "Shall I do some of my card tricks?" intervenes Uncle Harold. Forcibly pressing

materials into their hands, you explain that almost no intelligence is required, that no alphabetical alacrity will be demanded, that perhaps if Uncle Harold will be so kind... after supper. A new and bitter outcry: "Oh, but I can't draw." Ruthlessly you reply that the worse the level of art the better the result.

The first requirement, received with comparative resignation, is merely to write the title of a possible picture at the head of the sheet and pass it on "to the person on your right hand." Immediately every mind is intent—forgetful of personal vulnerability—on devising suitably recondite subjects for its neighbour's affliction: "The Boat-race," "Scene in an Operating Theatre," "A Car Smash," "An aspidochelone" (Aunt Minnie), "After the Ball was Over," "Pass on, please!" From your

left comes to you a simple request for "A Rabbit," with which you can comply with comparative ease. You fold over the top of the paper, concealing the original title and leaving your putative rabbit alone visible, and "pass on" again.

You have now to retitling the picture just perpetrated by your left-hand neighbour. Another fold hides the picture from view, leaving a new title to be illustrated, and so on until the circle is complete.

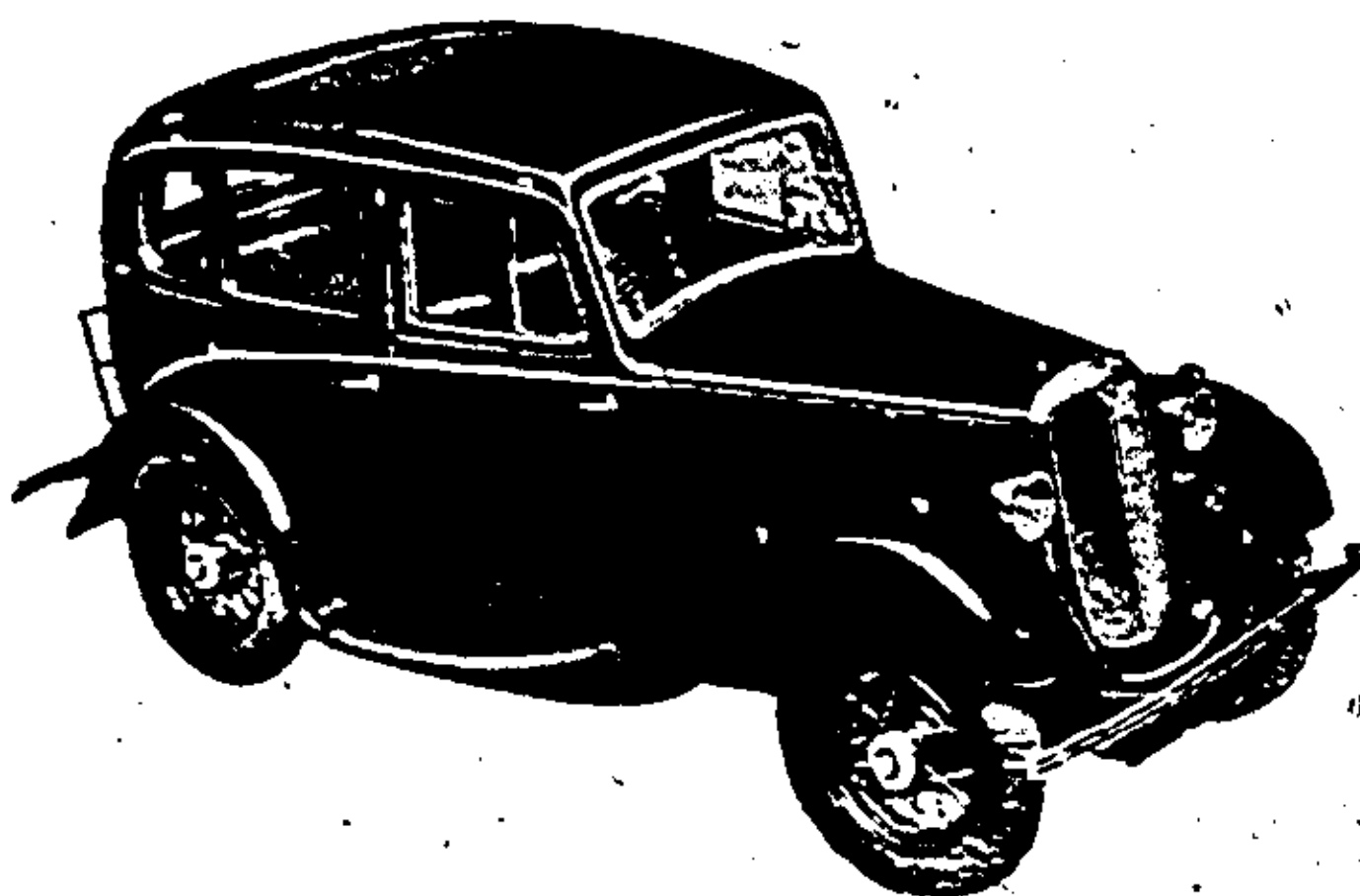
Then comes the unfolding and the somewhat startling disclosure of the extent of deviation from the original subjects. "After the Ball was Over," passing through a series of recognisable football scenes, has by way of "A Corner" and "90 deg." become "A Heat Wave," and concludes its triumphal career as "Cows Under Trees." Scenes in an Operating Thea-



tre = Baby Show = Pigsties = Stonehenge = Bakewell Tart. A Day at the Seaside = Leaping White Horses = Circus Scene = Strong Man = Mephistopheles.

A Cricket Match = Fleas' Circus = Herd of Buffaloes = Ants' Eggs = Goldfish Bowl = Bowler Hat.

And your "Rabbit" has become "Nero Fiddling while Rome Burns." But your guests are laughing helplessly and, surprisingly, an hour has passed. Supper-time!



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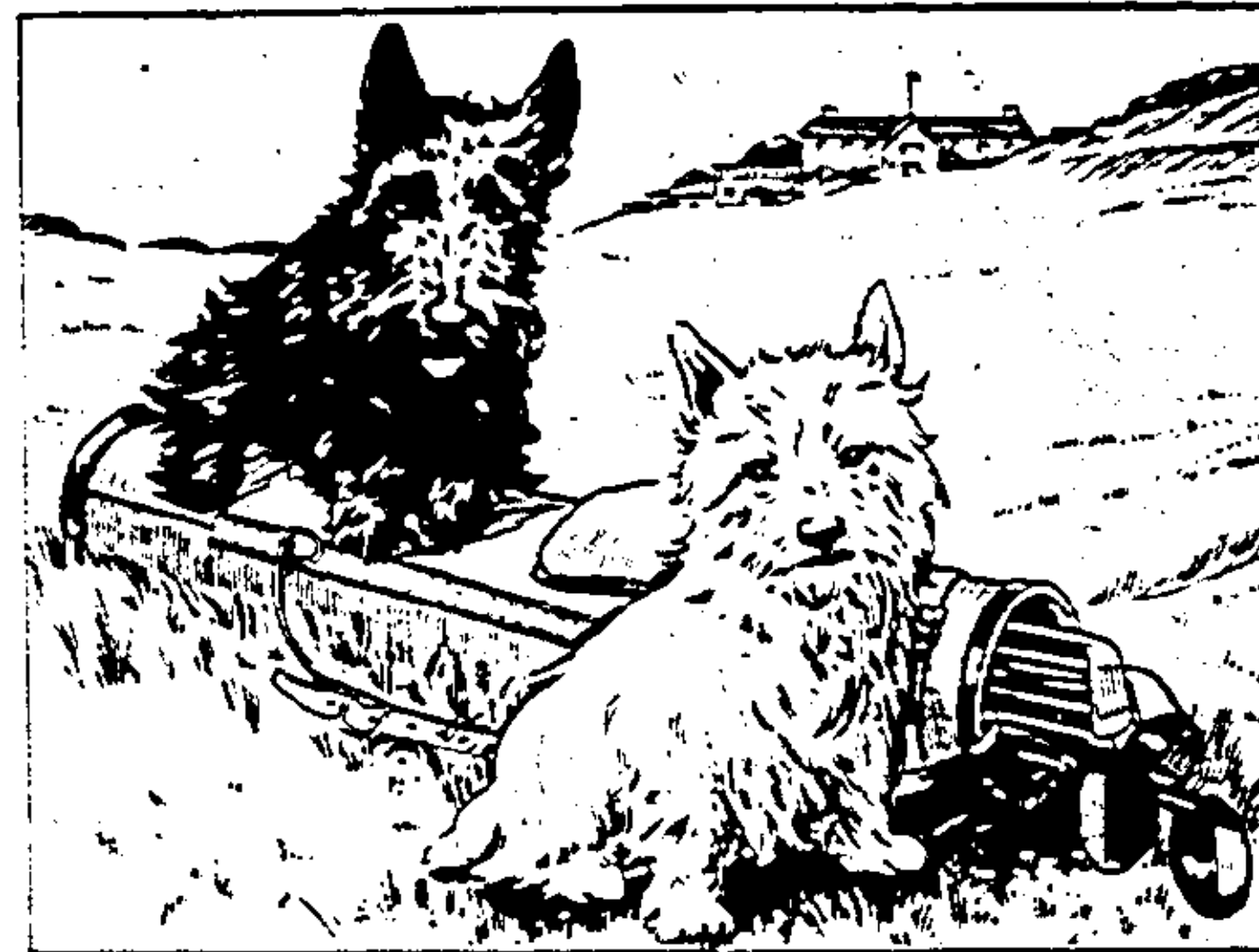
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CHRISTMAS



CRACKERS

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Little Brother: "Make it two, and I'll tell you what dad's going to do to you."

The husband and wife had quarrelled.

As they drove along the country road a mule suddenly brayed.

"One of your relatives?" asked the husband.

"By marriage," was the reply.

"What makes wives bad-tempered?"—Husbands.

The China Mail

WISHES READERS
AND ADVERTISERS

A Happy Christmas

AND PEACE AND
PROSPERITY
IN
The
New Year

Answer To "What Is Wrong With This Paragraph"

In England there was no such day as September 10th, 1753. In 1582, Pope Gregory instituted our present calendar, but England did not adopt the new system until 1753. Then she dropped eleven days and changed the beginning of the year from March 25 to January 1. She caught up the time by calling September 3rd the 14th. Many people thought their lives had been shortened by eleven days.

Answer To Sphinx Riddle

Man—First he creeps, on all fours as a baby, then he walks on two legs, and later in life he walks with a cane.

Answers To Intelligence Test

1. His left arm.
2. The grocery store.
3. A gate.
4. One year.
5. Sixteen.
6. "N."
7. Put it in a vessel, cover it with water and stir thoroughly with a stick. The sand which is heavier will settle to the bottom.
8. 55.
9. Myself.

"Was he very much cast down after he'd spoken to papa?"

"Yes. Three flights of stairs."

The young man had just proposed. "No!" she replied. "A thousand times no!"

"Well, don't rub it in," he retorted. "I only asked you once."

The teacher was telling his class about the conquests of Alexander the Great. He made the tale a stirring one.

"When Alexander had conquered India, he said, 'what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate his triumph? No; he sat down and wept.'"

The children seemed a little disappointed at this childish exhibition on the part of the hero, so the teacher continued: "Now, why do you think Alexander wept?"

Up went a little hand. "Well, Tommy?" said the teacher.

"Please, Sir," said Tommy, hesitatingly, "perhaps he didn't know the way back."

"It's no use," said the director to his colleague. "I'll have to get a new typist."

"Pity," said his colleague. "Miss Jones always seemed a nice, obliging sort of girl."

"Oh, she's all that. But she will keep interrupting me when I'm dictating to ask me how to spell words."

"That certainly is a great waste of time."

"I don't object to that," explained the director, "but it looks so bad to have to keep saying, 'I don't know.'"

"It's sickening the way my wife keeps talking about her first husband."

"That's nothing. Mine keeps talking about her next."

What Is Wrong With This Paragraph?

On September 10, 1753, a great disaster occurred in London. An explosion of an unknown origin blew up several buildings and killed many people. During the accident a very strange incident occurred: a baby was blown from its cradle and landed on top of a neighbouring church.

Answer On This Page.

• The Sphinx's Riddle •

The Theban Sphinx was a monster sent by Juno to lay waste the neighbourhood of Thebes in Boeotia.

It had the head and bust of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice.

The Sphinx gave a riddle and devoured all who could not explain it.

The riddle was: What animal

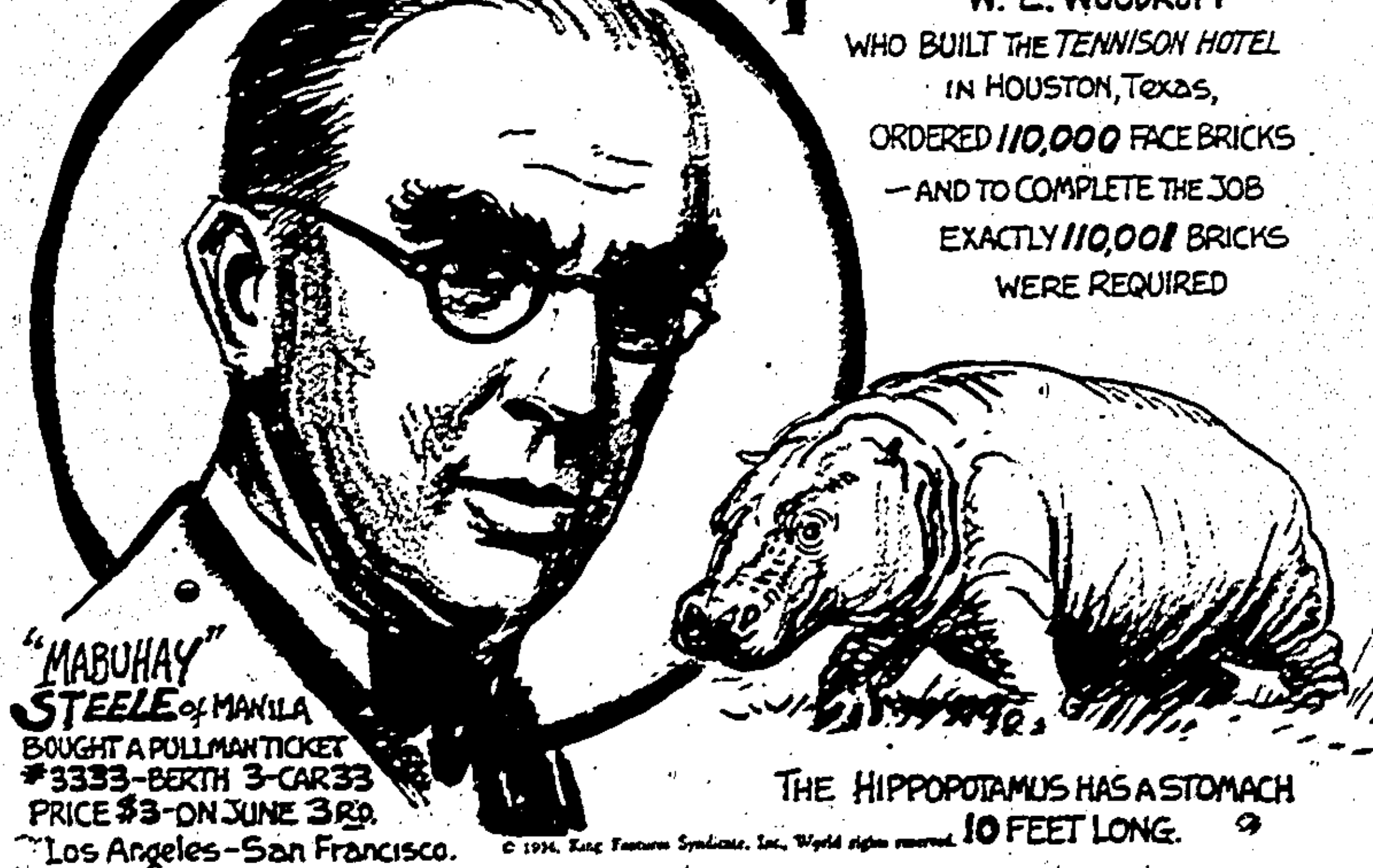
walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon and on three at night?

Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and sister, Jocasta, to him who could solve the puzzle as only then would the Sphinx disappear. Oedipus answered the Sphinx's riddle, and the creature killed itself by dashing its head against a rock.

Can you answer the riddle?

Answer On This Page.

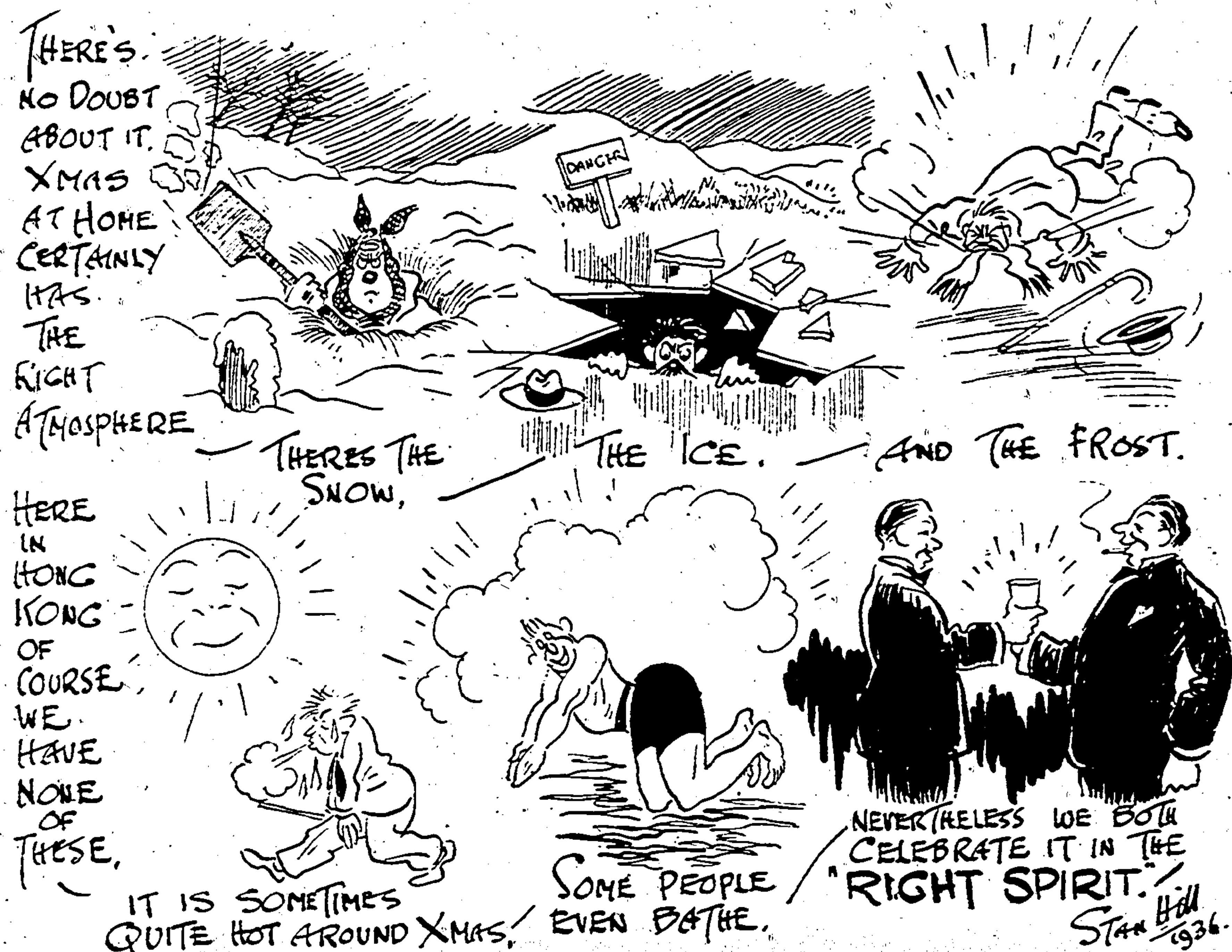
"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" by Robert L. Ripley



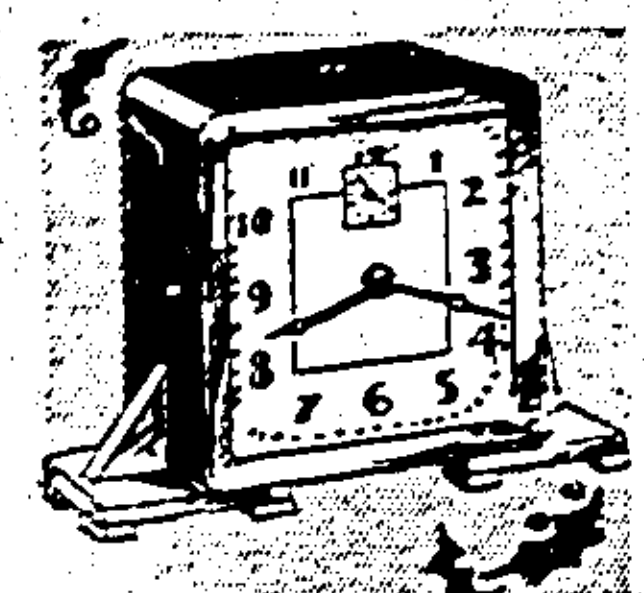
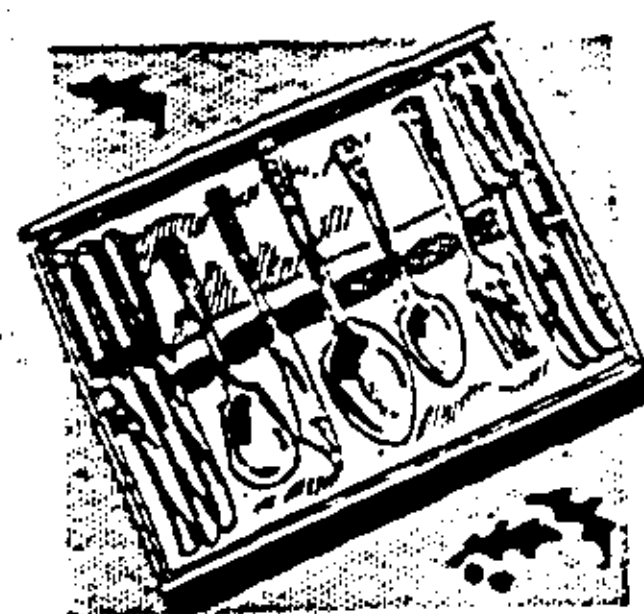
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The Plum Pudding Has Its Special Rites



THE plum pudding, imposing and indispensable item in the traditional Christmas feast, was made for good or ill weeks ago. Whether it was mixed and stirred by the various members of the family according to old custom or machine-mixed in some well-equipped modern factory matters little. The likelihood is that it will be of handsome appearance, fruity, and of good flavour, for the Christmas pudding is an ancient dish, and its making should have reached perfection by now.

Of more immediate concern is

its service to-morrow. How shall it come to table and with what sauce in attendance?

Again tradition steps in and dictates the ritual of service. When the reheating of the pudding has been done—steaming it should be said is preferable to boiling and sufficient time must be allowed to ensure that the rich mass is really heated through—a sprig of holly well berried should be placed in the centre after the pudding is turned out of its mould.

In older days there would have been a sprig of arbutus with red berry and a piece of variegated holly on either side, and these decorations would have been regarded by those at the feast as a necessary precaution against witches.

The pudding should arrive at table enveloped in blue flame, but in order that the full spectacular effect of the fire should be seen by everyone for as long as possible many of Christmas hostesses prefer to have the Christmas pudding sprinkled with brandy or with rum—the latter is cheaper and equally effective—and to set the spirit, which should have been heated slightly to take any sense of chill away, alight when actually on the table.

Next consideration, and a most important one, is the sauce. Here there are two divergent schools to reckon with.

There are those who prefer a hot custard or white sauce of liquid consistency, flavoured with fruit, spice, wine or spirit,

and those who like one of the hard sauces or butters, intensely cold.

Perhaps the best thing is to offer a choice, and so please everyone. The liquid sauce is certainly the most suitable where there are children. Allow two eggs to a pint of sweetened and flavoured milk. Beat the eggs slightly and stir with milk over gas, electric stove, or range, until mixture thickens. It must not be allowed to boil. A tablespoonful of brandy may be added before serving the hot sauce if wished.

New Forest Recipe

The hard sauces are, of course, served cold, the colder the better. The following New Forest Sauce is taken from the collection of notable recipes made by Lady Clark of Tillypronie.

One quarter-pound of fresh butter, and squeezed in a cloth, ½ lb of castor sugar, to be beaten up together with a wooden spoon till quite white and light; beat them over a pan of hot water or the sauce will taste raw. Add one tablespoonful of brandy and two of sherry and a very little nutmeg. The wine and brandy should be added by degrees; beat all till thoroughly mixed.

This is served very cold in a sauce-boat.

Another method of making hard sauce is to work two ounces of butter and two ounces of castor sugar together, the sugar being added by degrees. Add a small glass of brandy or rum gradually. This is important,



for if the spirit is put in too quickly the appearance of the "butter" is spoilt.

A modern way of service is to make the hard sauce into frozen blocks, and place these in individual dishes.

Yet another variation is to melt butter and add the yolk of an egg (1½ ounce of butter to each yolk). When this is mixed thoroughly a tablespoonful of fine sugar is added, and, finally, the spirit.

In all these sauces the ingredients must be put in very gradually.

FOR a Christmas dinner to be perfect, it must be as well planned as prepared.

Side dishes—good old English for hors d'oeuvres—can be prepared of egg and tomato mayonnaise, stewed mushrooms, sardine butter, and so on.

They look and taste well, and occupy the guests while all the dishing up is done that the noble turkey requires.

See that the old sinews are drawn from the turkey's legs before the claws are cut. Make an incision between the two bones of the leg below the knee, cutting downwards, not across.

You will see the sinews like shiny white strings, and can carefully twist them out with a skewer.

Stuff with forcemeat, of

The Perfect Xmas Dinner

chestnut for choice. Cook the bird a quarter of an hour to the pound and a quarter of an hour over.

Cover the breast with bacon, but ten minutes before serving remove this and sprinkle instead some finely sifted flour.

Do you know that the best bread sauce has ten ingredients—bread, milk, onion, salt, pepper, flour, butter, a clove, and blade of mace—and a drop of cream? Needless to say, the onion and spices are removed before it appears at table.

Creamed potatoes should be mashed, sieved, seasoned and whisked till they are of the most

delicious consistency.

Add the tiniest pinch of ginger when cooking your celery. It does not actually taste flavoured in a marked manner.

Put a drop of orange juice in the dressing for your watercress, and use white, rather than dark, vinegar.

Your pudding will have been made weeks ago, but it will need another three hours' good boiling.

That it may come into the room blazing remember not to spare the brandy and to heat it well first. Brandy butter is best made with icing sugar—an ounce of this to two of

butter, and brandy to taste. Some people light their mince pies, too, though one illumination is enough for me, but do sprinkle them well with castor sugar. Something in its grittiness goes well with the softness of the mince-meat.

Lastly, your very own homemade water biscuits that go so well with crisp celery and a ripe Stilton.

This recipe makes quite sixty biscuits, so they'll do for Boxing Day as well!

Rub 2ozs. butter with ½ lb. flour, and salt to taste. Take sufficient cream to mix this into a stiffish dough. Knead and beat with a wooden spoon. Roll thinly, prick several times, place on a hot tin, and bake in a very hot oven.

THE turkey is above all others the bird of Christmas, with the goose a good second, but until the discovery of America in 1492 the turkey was quite unknown in the eastern hemisphere.

It did not come from Turkey, but is a native of the American continent. As a wild bird it is now almost extinct there, but it was domesticated by the Aztecs long before Cortez arrived in Mexico, and was the most common kind of poultry there.

When the turkey was introduced into England it was supposed to have come from the Mohammedan East, which was then loosely called Turkey, and so the bird was given that name. The same idea prevailed in France, but there it was called the *poule d'Inde*, or bird of India, now contracted into *dinde*.



In its domesticated state a turkey will sometimes weigh from 40lb to 50lb. It is an omnivorous feeder, but will not thrive if closely confined; it needs plenty of space to move about. The turkey, unlike any

other poultry, has a long piece of flesh with a few feathers at the end hanging from the place where the beak joins the head.

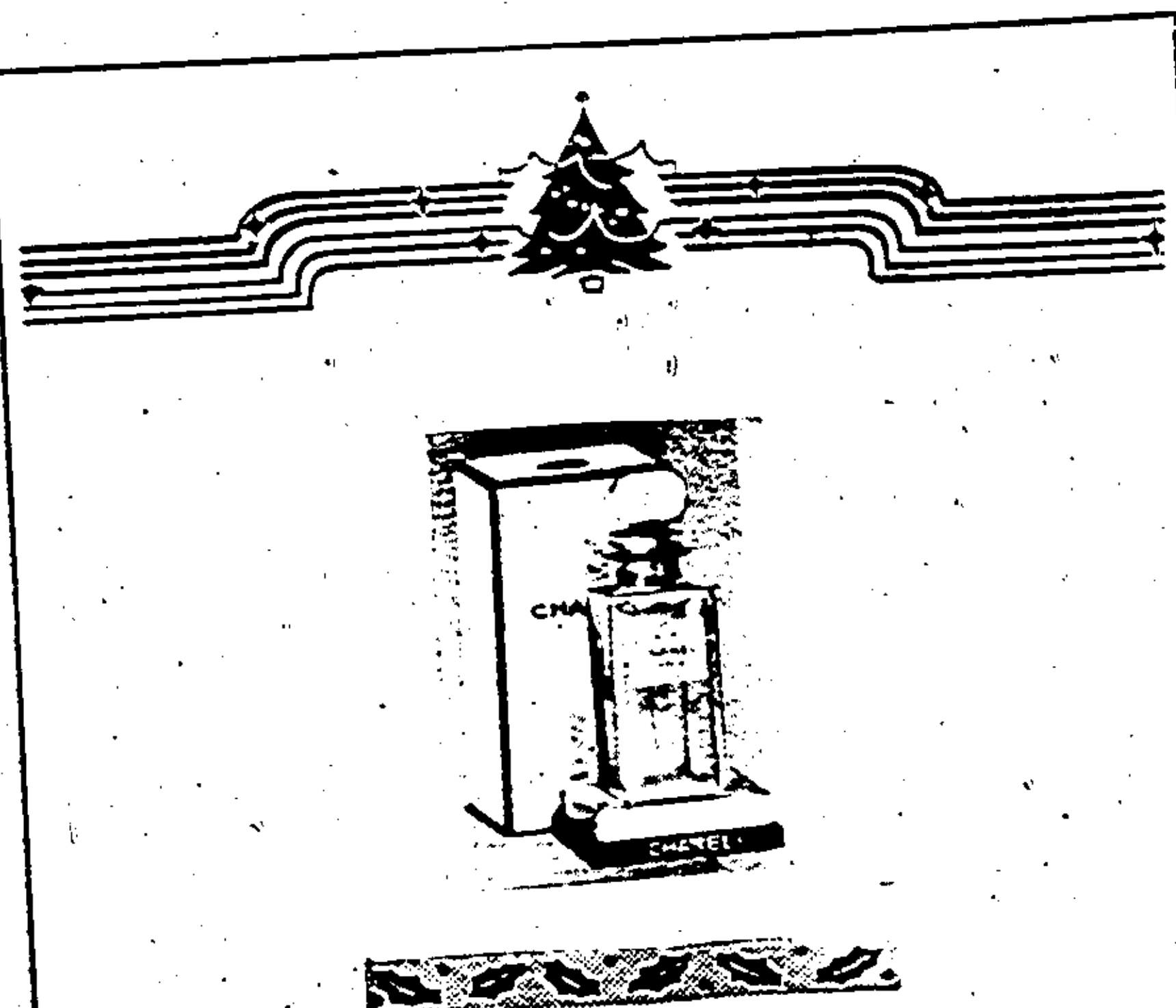
The domestic goose is supposed to be descended from the grey-lag goose, which was once

All About the Turkey

a resident wild bird and nested in East Anglia. Now, however, it is only a winter visitor to England, though a few nest in the North of Scotland.

The goose was domesticated at a very early period. It was kept in a tame state on the banks of the Nile at least 4,000 years ago. Probably the first domesticated geese were young birds taken from their wild parents' nests and reared in captivity. The plentiful supply of food would curb the desire for greater liberty, and at last the birds became reconciled to living in captivity.

Before the common lands were enclosed geese were kept in England in much larger numbers than they are now. Like turkeys, they require a great deal of space, and must be able to wander about if they are to keep healthy.



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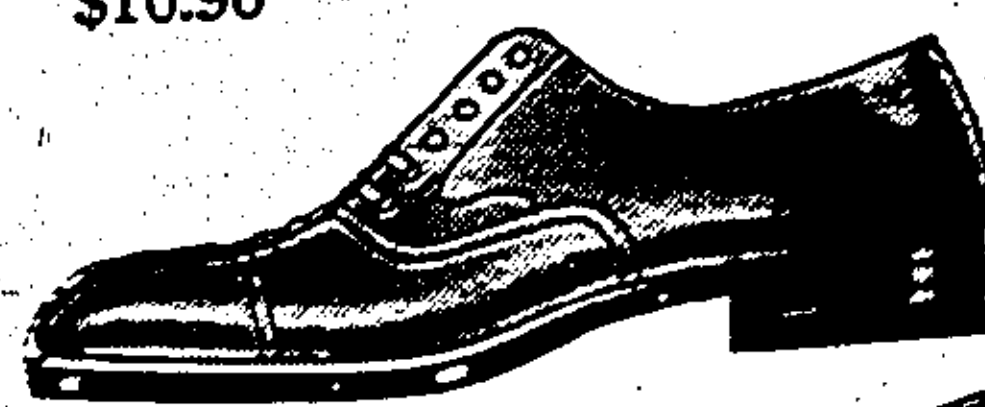
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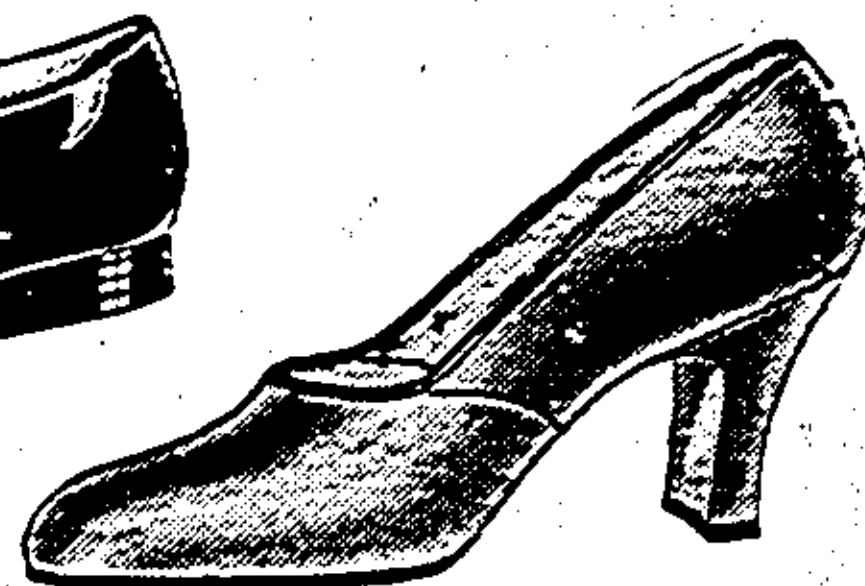
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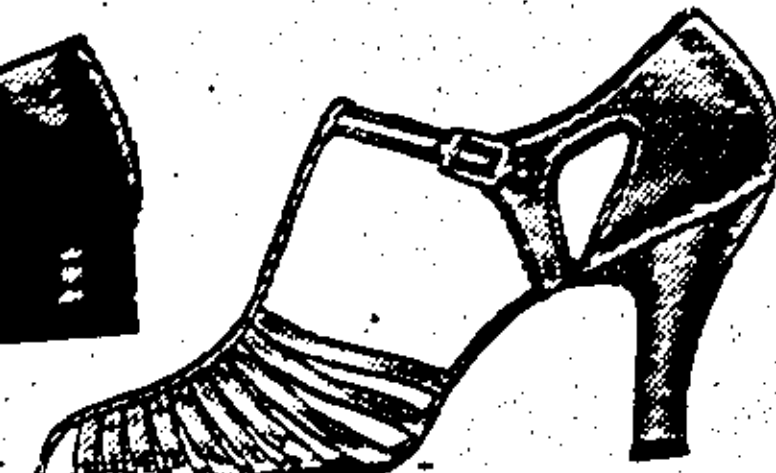
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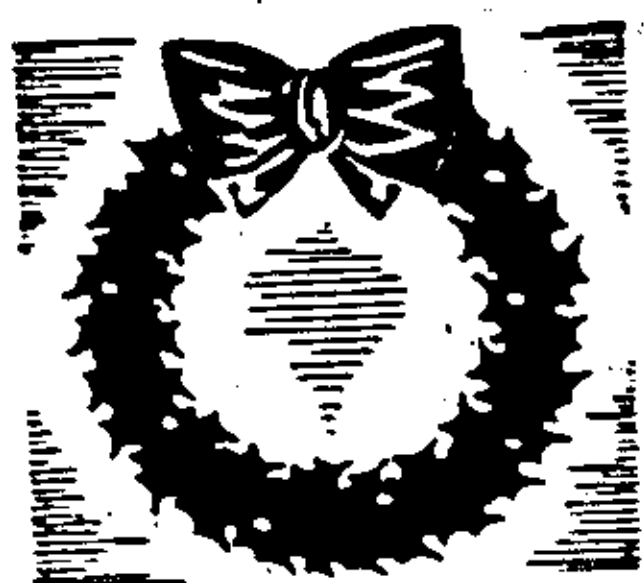
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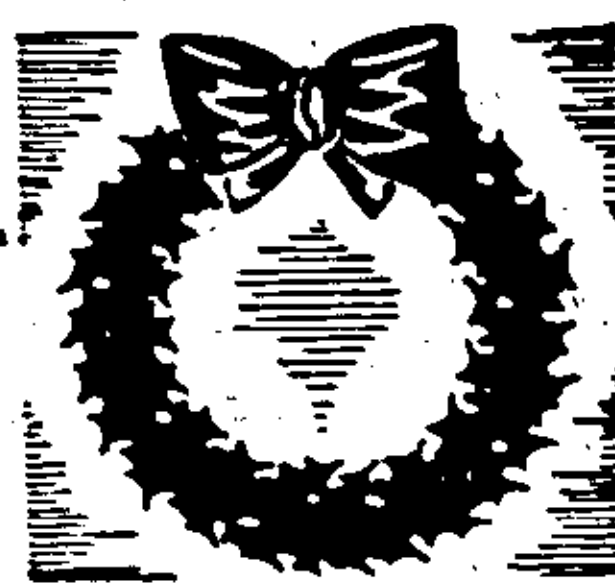
House slippers for ladies. Camelhair with leather soles.

Rata



KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By GORDON GRIFFITHS



If the Smiths have done their Christmas shopping early, they are greedy and want to get first pick of everything.

If you have done so, it is out of consideration for the assistants who are usually rushed off their legs during the last few days.

If the Robinsons send you small presents they do so expecting to get something substantial in return.

If you send them similar ones, you are not anxious to display ostentation.

If the Browns go abroad for Christmas they are unpatriotic and are taking money out of Hong Kong.

If you do so, it is because you are broad-minded and believe in travelling as an education—not that you need it, of course.

If the people next door say they are going to spend Christmas quietly, it is because they cannot afford to do otherwise.

If you do so, it is because you believe in living to-day as you can live to-morrow.

If you hang up some mistle-toe it is because it is a time-honoured custom. If Maisie does so, it is her only hope of being kissed this year.

If Uncle Podger says he will spend Christmas with you he is trying to save expenses in his own home.

If he doesn't, he is afraid you will expect too much of him as a visitor.

If Mrs. Perkins doesn't put silver coins in the Christmas pudding, she is mean.

If you don't do so, it is because you are afraid the children will swallow them.

If Smith kisses your wife under the mistle-toe—well, no wonder! Have you seen Mrs. Smith?

If Mrs. Smith kisses you, it is because she cannot resist you—in any case, have you seen Smith?

If Smith throws a party, he is anxious to show off.

If you do so—well, it is just the spirit of Christmas.

If he dresses up like Father Christmas he is making an ass of himself.

If you do so, it is because the kiddies have to be entertained.

If you burn brandy over the pudding you do so because the children love to see the blue flame.

If the people next door do so, they will do anything for a smell of intoxicants.

HOW CALENDARS STARTED

OUR calendars, which look so bright and modern as we hang them up on New Year's Day, are really not so new after all.

The idea of the calendar started ever so long ago in Greece. It was the custom there to have the first day of the month announced to the people. This was done in two ways. One way was to have heralds go about the street crying that the first day of the month had arrived. Another was to put up placards or printed signs on the walls. These signs were called "kalends," meaning in Greek, "I proclaim."

From this old custom and word we get our calendar and its name. We have added all the days of the months to our signs; we hang them in our homes instead of on city walls; but the idea is still the same—to tell us which day it is.



THE dread celebration of Christmas-night dinner with rich relations brought one insuperable joy that no accompanying misery could quench: not the varnished, quailish stuffiness of the slow-trotting cab; not the chilly superiority of years older cousins; not the consciousness of the new "piece" which you would inevitably be called upon to play later in the evening; not the formal and awesome procession of soup, fish, turkey, mince-pies, terrifying flaming pudding—all, handed to you by trimly starched retainers. Nervousness and novelty combined, you rarely achieved a satisfying meal.

But there, heaped at the corners of the table, raying from the centre, glimmering, sparkling, transparent, rainbow-gauzed, tinsel-strung, silver and



Lore and Legends of Christmas Tree

Countless are the feasts and legends associated with the nativity of Christ, while the origin of the Christmas tree has formed the subject of numerous stories.

Many are familiar with the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn. St. Joseph of Arimathea had been going about Europe telling the story of the Crucifixion, when he became exhausted, and stuck his staff into the earth, saying he would wander no more. The staff became a hawthorn tree, flowering only at Christmas. A tablet now marks the spot where the original tree is supposed to have stood.

Some bestow the honour of originating the Christmas tree on Martin Luther, the German reformer, telling the following tale. On the night of December 25, while journeying over the white fields of Bavaria, he was so impressed by the sky with its infinite myriads of glit-

tering stars, that on his arrival home he tried in vain to explain it to his wife and children. He went into the forest nearby and cut down a fir-tree, dragged it into his house, fixed some candles on it, and lighted them.

The French legend concerns a fir, the boughs of which were adorned with candles, some upright, others upside-down, while on the top was the vision of a haloed Babe. The tree represented mankind, the Babe Our Saviour, and the candles good and bad beings.

In Germany an effigy of Mother and Son usually adorns the highest branch of a Christmas tree, while a manger and crib are placed at the base.

About the same time that Britain and her colonies adopted the use of the tree, the custom began to gain popularity in the United States. Then it spread throughout the Christianised world, and is now in universal favour.

WHY IS DECEMBER CALLED DECEMBER?

December, like the three months preceding it, is merely called after a number. It stood as the tenth month in the ancient Roman calendar, from which the names of all our months are taken, hence it was called after the Latin numeral "decem," meaning "ten."

This month originally ended the Roman year, but later a revision of the calendar divided the year into twelve months, January and February being added. Even then, February came before January at first, until eventually the order was changed round to stand as it does to-day.



THE LURE OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

gold, scarlet and blue, cerise and fuchsia, blazed the crackers. Not the crackers of home the simple orange-hued box with its black cats that you had after earnest consultation yourself selected at the local grocer's, on the tacit understanding that you would forget all about the purchase until Christmas Day and not even peep into the cupboard where they lay. Those you knew to contain "caps and musical instruments." Had not the shop-keeper kindly read out to you the inscriptions on the labels as you stood on the sanded floor amid the pleasant odours of tea and coffee and sugar, surveying the many-coloured ramp of boxes that had sprung up overnight? Had you not conscientiously

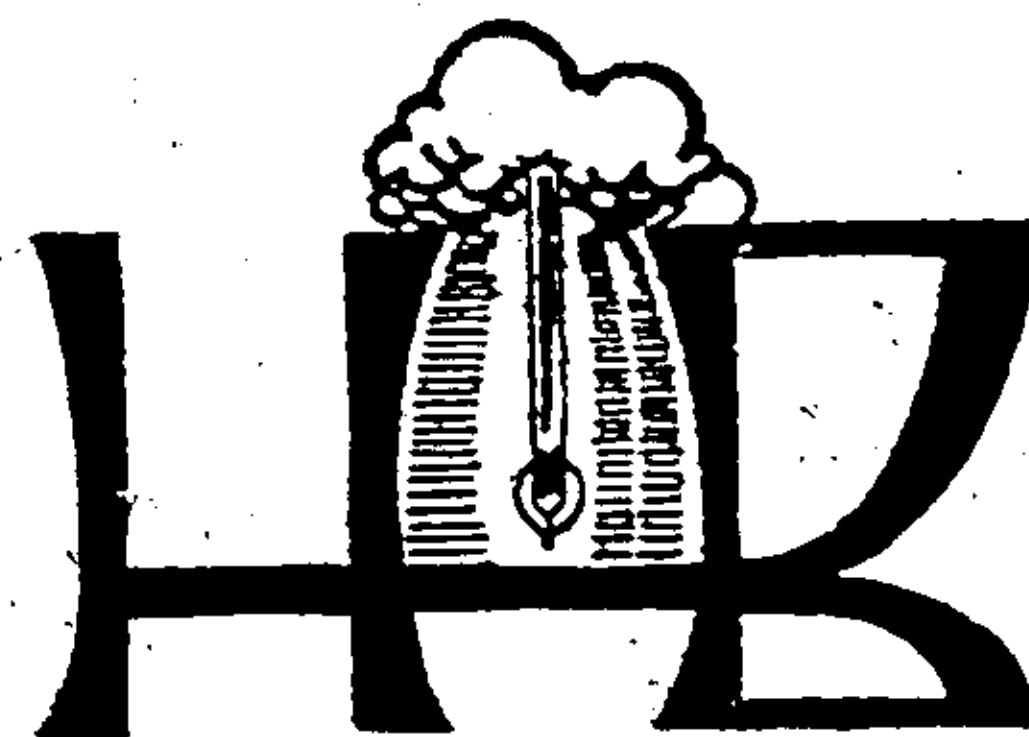
poked back into its white paper tunnel the penny whistle that had protruded all too early into the light of day?

At midday their fire had been spent, their anticipated delights savoured. But here were crackers—miraculous exotic, costly, fraught with surprise. "Come along, let's pull a cracker!" Ecstatic moment, year-awaited. And as the youngest present, what rich gains were yours! How many "fat halves" came your way! What jewels—turquoise-studded hearts, emerald rings, fabulous necklaces, chains, and charms! What a delectable mingling of miniature cups and flagons Japanese water-flowers, puzzles, watches, frogs, and doll's furniture! How many

balloons were dispatched flaming to the skies; how many fiery serpents writhed and died for your delight in a welter of grey ashes. Bonnets, caps, and masks were yours for the choosing.

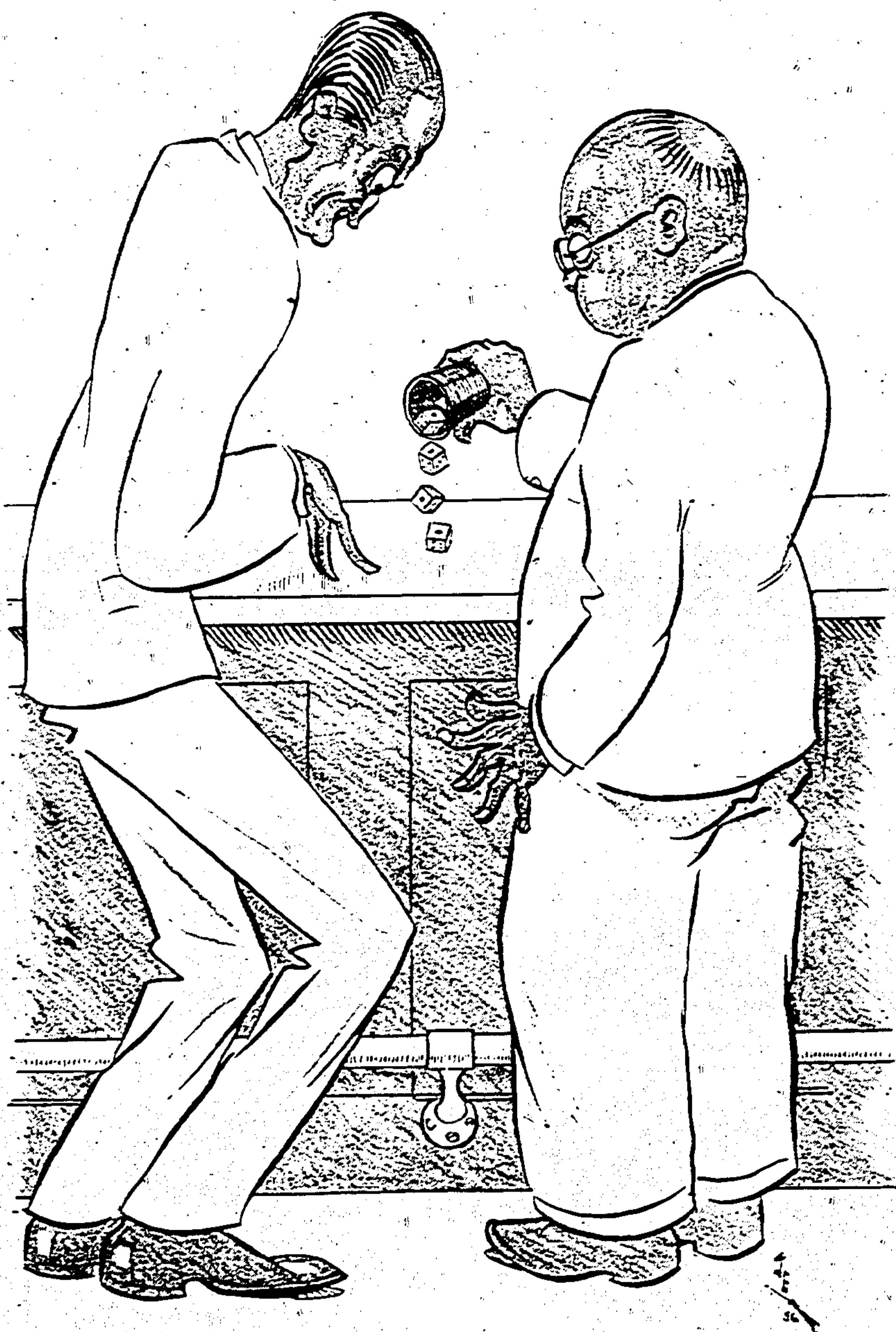
How tenderly you guarded your treasure, carefully hoarded in some convenient paper cap until the moment of departure! In the homeward cab, more than a little sleepy, you nodded over the precious jumble. Home, safe home! No freebooter returning from the Spanish Main more complacent of booty-crammed hold, more at peace with the world. Until, roused at alighting: "I think I'm rather hungry."

So no wonder that on your Christmas round you gravitate to the cracker department, that you pause and gaze, and hover and hesitate. Such beauty, such mystery, such imagination, such evanescent loveliness. How to choose when each box seems more gay, more desirable than the last?



Don't wait for the fall of the Dice - - -

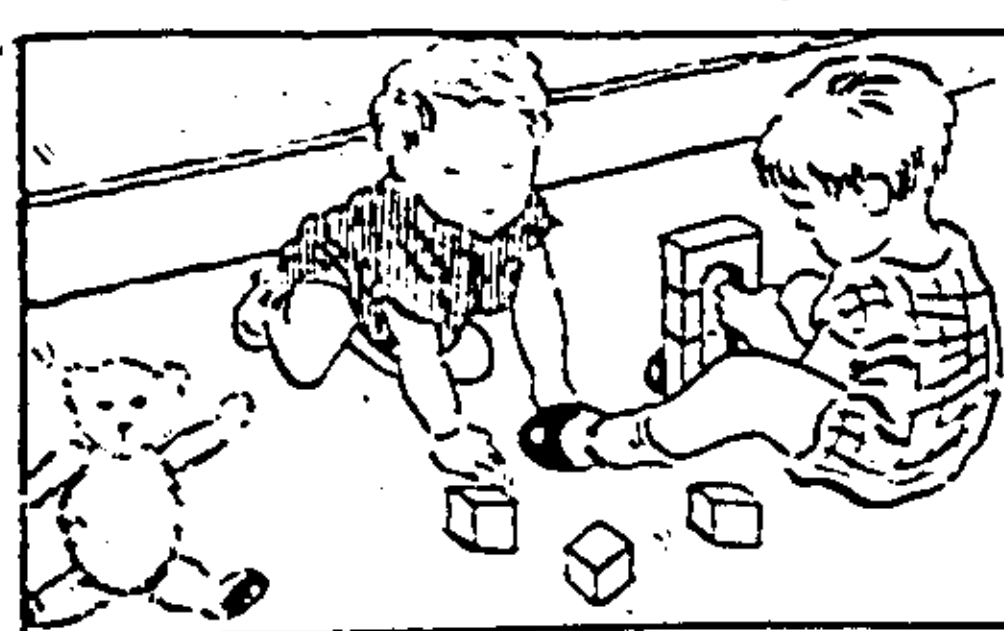
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CHILDREN'S CORNER



A CHRISTMAS CARD

This sketch is the size of a postcard and when coloured could be pasted on to a card and used as a Christmas greeting. Chief colours could be:—

BACKGROUND:—Grey.

TREE:—Dark green; any bright colours for candles; balls, brown; oblong parcel, pink; and round bundle (right) adjoining, yellow.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:—Red robe, white whiskers and hat; pink face.

BUNDLES: (in front) — Cream.

REINDEERS:—First one, burnt sienna; second one (in front), sepia; harness, red.

DISTANT HILLS:—Purple.

BOTTOM of PICTURE:—White with blue shadows except for Redbreast.

THREE VARIATIONS OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF

B LIND man's buff is always popular at Christmas parties. Here are three interesting variations.

The first is animal blind man's buff. One player is blindfolded and stands in the middle of a circle with a stick. The other players dance round in a circle till the blind man taps three times on the floor, when they must stand still. The blind man then points his wand at a player, who takes hold of the other end, and orders him to make a noise like some animal, say, a cat or dog or lion. He then tries to guess the name of the player from the voice, and if correct the players change places. If wrong, the same player remains blind.

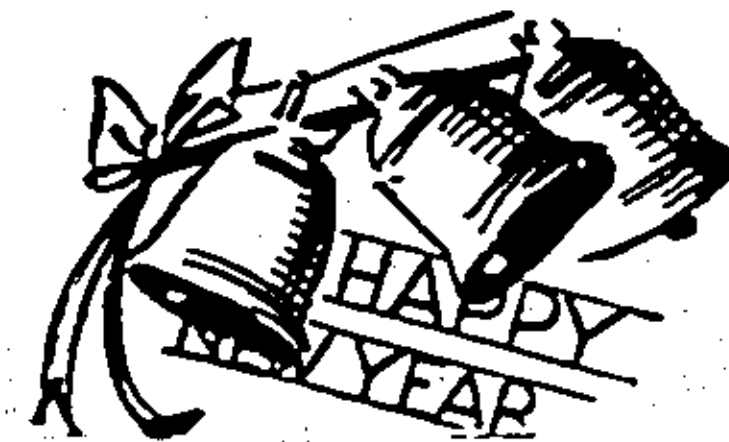
Another variation is French blind man's buff. The blind man stands in the centre; the other players sit on chairs in a circle round him and are numbered from one onwards. The blindfolded player calls out two numbers, whereupon the players who have these numbers must exchange places, the blind man trying to catch them as they move or to occupy one of their chairs. If he is successful, the player he catches or whose chair he takes becomes the blind man.

A third variation is called blind bell. All the players but one are blindfolded and scatter about the room. The one not blindfolded carries a bell in one hand, ringing it at every step, and the blindfolded players try to catch him. Whoever catches the bell man changes places with him.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

ONCE in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
He came down to earth from
Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall

With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
And our eyes at last shall see
Him,
Through His own redeeming
love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.



Jig-saw puzzles are always fun.
Try your hand at doing this one.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(By HELEN M. TURNER)

WHEN we look at the brightly burning candles and many coloured ornaments on our Christmas tree, do we, I wonder, ever stop to wonder, when people first began to decorate trees in order to celebrate the birthday of the child Jesus? If we do, then I think that we shall be surprised to be told that the custom came into being long before the birth of Christ.

The story of the so-called Christmas trees goes back for thousands and thousands of years. In far-off days people in Egypt represented the year as a palm tree and called the different branches by the names of the months of the years.

Later the Romans copied the idea, but they used the tip of a fir tree instead of a palm tree, and this they decorated with candles and with little ornaments in honour of their god Saturn.

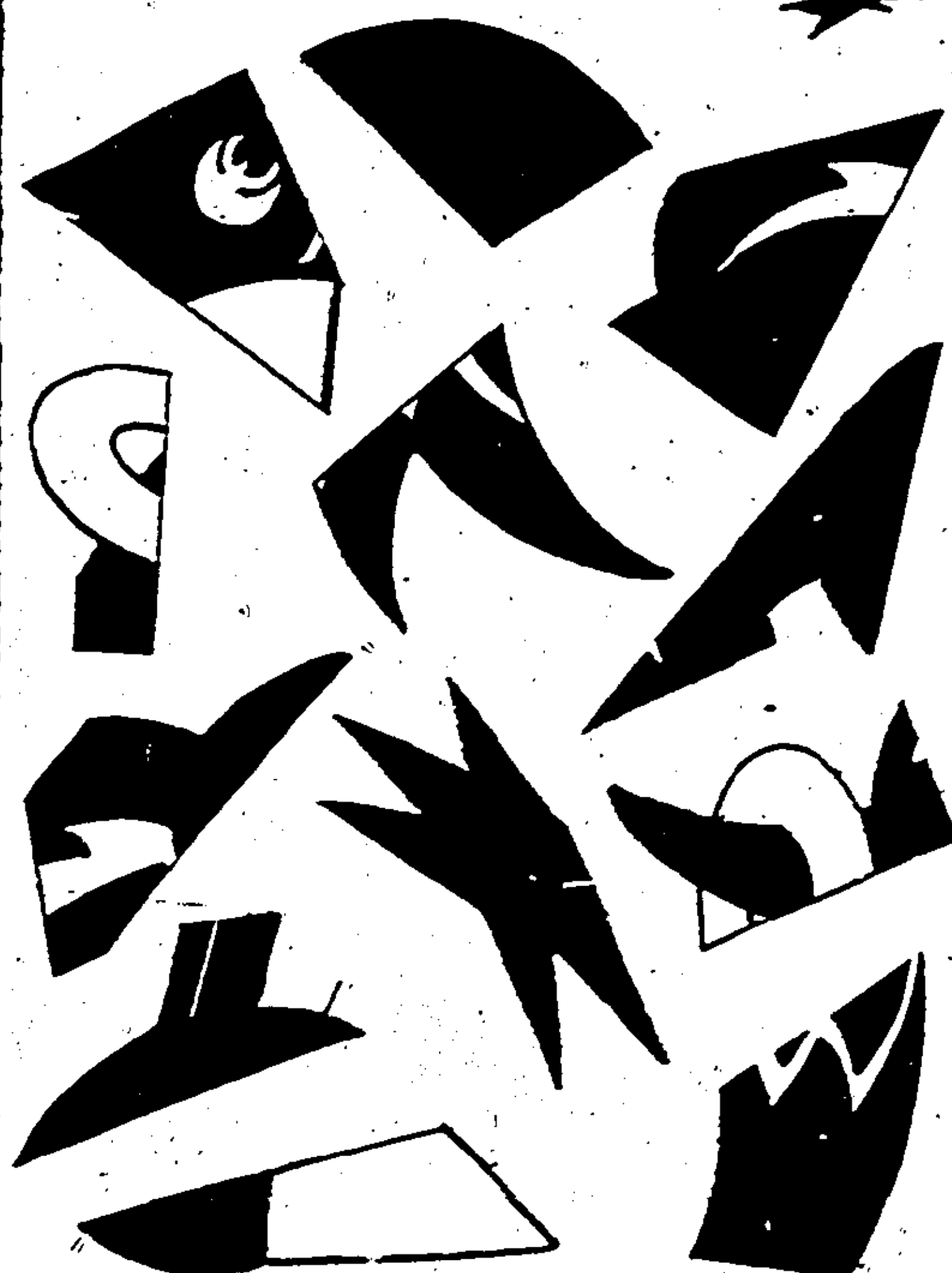
In the century before the birth of Jesus, when the armies of the Roman Empire were conquering Northern Europe, the

customs and fashions of the south were brought to the people of the north. In Germany the inhabitants began to use "the decorated tree at the festivals of their principal gods. Afterwards, when they learned to worship the true God," the decorated tree, like so many ancient customs, became part of the general rejoicing during the greatest and most joyful of all the Christian festivals.

It was not till about one hundred and fifty years ago that Christmas trees were first seen in England. The then Queen, the wife of George III, was a German, and when Christmas-time came she had a fir tree decorated, illumined with candles, and set up in the royal nursery for her little sons and daughters.

Doubtless the tree was lighted up on Christmas Eve, for it is on that day—not on Christmas Day itself—that all Christmas trees are illumined in Germany. It is called the Child-*ren's* Feast, and is also known by the strange title of the Day of Adam and Eve!

A JIG SAW PUZZLE





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Klismas . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

little arms when I held the bear in front of you. You just said, 'Klismas, mummy,' and with it tucked tightly in your arms, turned over and went to sleep. Oh, the relief of it, Donald! The nurses and I just gazed at the toy — and I worshipped it! I still do!"

From under her eiderdown she drew the tattered Klismas, and there were tears in the eyes of both mother and son as they stroked its rough head and torn feet.

"And what did you do, darling?"

"Well, after days and days of trying to be brave enough, I went to see the manager of the mill—not his wife this time. I had difficulty in making them let me see him, but at last I did. I was so nervous that I don't remember just what I said to him, but I told him all about it — how I had tried to see his wife and failed, and then had stolen Klismas. I had brought Klismas with me in a big paper parcel. I hated taking him away from you, but I felt the only thing I could do was to give it back now 'that you were better.'"

"He was a fine man. He listened to everything I told him without interrupting me at all. You men do listen better than women sometimes," she smiled up at her son. "And then he quietly took the bear out of the parcel and walked across to the window with it in his hands. He came back to me in a minute, still stroking Klismas' back, and



said:

"Take him back to Donald, Mrs. Edwards. I feel very happy that my child's toy should have helped to make your boy better."

"But your little girl will want him back," I said.

"He smiled: 'I'm afraid my little girl has so many toys that none of them means as much to her as this one of them does to Donald.' Then he asked me about myself, and said he would like me to bring you in to see him when you were better. As I turned to go, he said: 'We'll always keep this little mat-

ter a secret between you and me, Mrs. Edwards.'"

"You know the rest of the story, Donald. How, when I took you to see him, he told me he had arranged for me to do light work in the mill. And as the years went on he took an interest in you. He had no son of his own. And now here you are — manager of the mill in his place!"

The man was silent for a moment, his head resting in his hands. Then:

"Dear old Boss, I always knew I had a lot to thank him for, but not as much as this."

Looking over the head of the teddy-bear between them the mother said:

"And so you see, dear, why it is I understand about this poor girl who has stolen from the mill? I'm quite sure she needed those materials for her children. This is Christmas Day. Shall we drive round to her lodgings and take her some of those things we have so much of that they mean little to us?"

The tall son only stooped and kissed her in agreement, but her faded blue eyes were radiant as she thanked him.

(THE END)

Honeymoon

(Continued from Page 6)

sented a bottle of champagne, "with the compliments and respects of Mr. Ferris." So they drank to Mr. Ferris and his recovery; but to Chloe the bubbling liquid tasted brackish. Champagne from the bridegroom was nice; the company of the bridegroom himself would have been nicer. For the bride, at any rate.

Later there was dancing; and for the first time Mrs. Ferris joined in it. "Jack was very insistent that I dance to-night," she said. (And Chloe thought: "Heaven protect me from a too-broad-minded husband.") Her gown gleaming white against the men's dinner-jackets, she circled the ballroom again and again; but anyone could tell that they were her partners by proxy only, and that her heart and mind and even, in a sense, her body, were with the omnipresent Jack. And when the last number was reached, a waltz, she declined all offers on the grounds that she was very tired, though to the Greshams she admitted, with a grave earnestness, that her real reason was "because I told Jack I would save it for him."

From the floor they could see her sitting alone at the table, smiling and nodding her head to the slow rhythm of the music.

"Well," said Chloe bitterly, "she's had a good time to-night at least."

"Sure," said Walter. "Why shouldn't she? She knows that other men like to be with her, anyway."

Only afterward, in their cabin,

did he tell her that during his final dance with Mrs. Ferris, the one just before the waltz, she had been crying. She had thought he hadn't noticed it, but he had. And even as she had kept smiling and talking, she had been crying.

"I," he said, "could cheerfully kill Mr. Jack Ferris."

"And I," she said, "would gladly assist you."

The ship was to dock at eight; by seven-thirty they were standing at the railing in the smoky, sun-glinted morning light, while the huge prow nosed awkwardly toward its slip. They had sought Mrs. Ferris in the mob and found her nowhere, and now Chloe announced that she intended to go down to say good-bye.

"You also want to catch a glimpse of the famous Jack," corrected Walter. "And so do I, if only to see if he's as inhuman as he seems to be. Come on; we'll both go."

Together they found the right deck, the right corridor. The door, with its neat card reading "Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris," stood open; but when they entered, in response to a faint "Come!" the only person in the room was a stewardess, middle-aged and pinkly plump, who was stripping the beds.

"Have Mr. and Mrs. Ferris gone up on deck?" asked Chloe.

"Yah," said the stewardess. "Missus Ferris, she gone."

"Mr. Ferris too?" said Walter.

The pleasant face suddenly wrinkled into a reproving frown.

"It is not a yoke," she said. "It is very sad."

"You mean," enquired Chloe, "that he's really ill?"

The frown disappeared. "Ach, you do not know? You are not friends of Missus Ferris?"

"Yes, of course they were friends; but—"

Shaking her head, the woman leaned against the bureau. "Ach," she repeated, "you also."

Then there was pride in her voice. "Such a nice lady, and so brave; but only I know, because she says: 'I don't want pity.'"

All day she lies there, never crying, and sometimes she makes up little conversations, and says, 'Yack this' and 'Yack that,' and her all the time knowing that he was—"

Her somber eyes regarded the floor.

Abruptly Chloe groped for Walter's hand and clutched hard.

"But Mr. Ferris," she began. "Mr. Ferris—"

The stewardess suffered no interruption. "And every night," she was continuing, "every night she dresses in one of her pretty dresses and has a flower sent down for her. She even asks me to turn down the other bed, and so I do, and sometimes the pillow is damp in the mornings."

Chloe's eyes were damp now too, and with her arm linked tightly through Walter's, she was edging toward the door. But that relentless, sorrowing voice followed after.

"And last night for the first time she broke down a little, because she says it is two weeks

ago last night he got killed. Yah, run over by a automobile and killed dead, the poor man!" She sighed. "And the poor lady, too! But then she smile and say: 'It is my honeymoon. He would not have wanted me to be sad on my honeymoon,' would he?" And I say: 'No, I am sure he would not.'"

They did not speak until they had landed, until they stood beneath their Customs letter, and through the sea of bobbing shoulders, saw Mrs. Ferris, dressed in black, gazing expectantly up at one of the ship's freight exits. A man was with her, an elderly man with a mourning band around his sleeve, and he was apparently urging her to leave. But she shook her head and continued to stare upward.

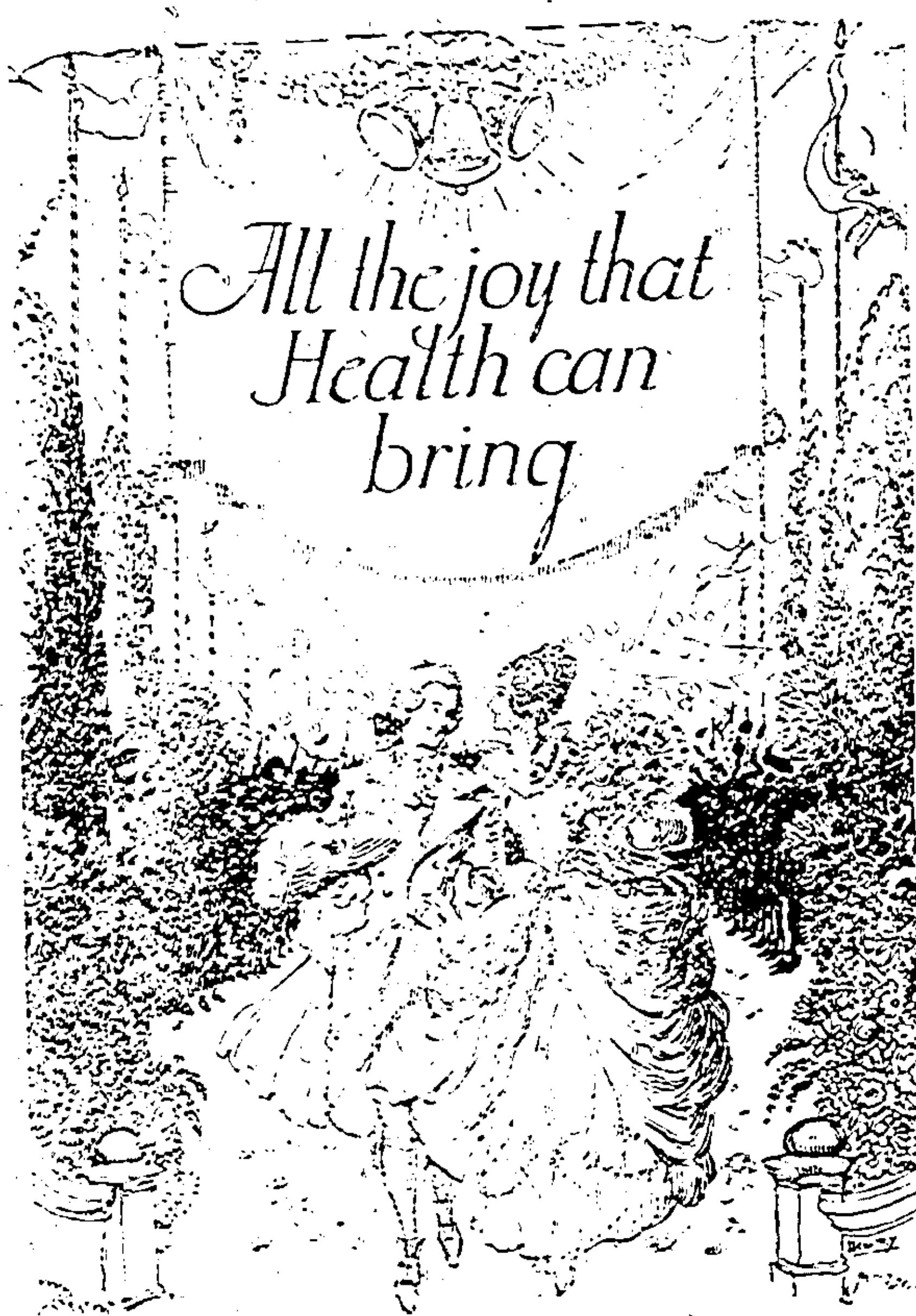
And as Chloe was about to turn her eyes away, she saw that at a little distance beyond waited the long black ornately carved car, its plate-glass sides gleaming in a shaft of sunlight that somehow had penetrated through a crevice in the vault high above.

It was then that Walter spoke. "My God," he said, in hesitant wonder. "How could she do it? Why would she do it?"

For a moment she did not answer, and at last she bent down toward the open trunk tray before her. "I don't know," she said.

But she did know, just as the stewardess had known. . . . A dream is better than nothing.

(THE END)



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MANHATTAN CAROL

(Continued from Page 5)

"Is he related to Winks?" said Dan Fenton cautiously.

The lovely eyes opened wide. "Oh, no, darling. They simply loathe each other. It's too amusing. Winks is really too greedy, you know. Funny Winks." She laughed again.

"I wonder," thought Dan Fenton, "if Winks is a horse. It might be. Then again, it might not. It's a question!"

"Well, as I was saying—" he said.

"Oh, Dan, I forgot to ask—" she said at the same moment.

"Sorry, Diana. I—"

"No—it wasn't anything, Dan. Just—"

They stared at each other with fixed and friendly smiles. And somewhere a door-bell trilled. "It's Winks," thought Dan Fenton dully. "And he's an alarm-clock. No, maybe he's still a horse."

Diana patted his hand—it was odd not to feel an electric current when she did so.

"Heavens!" she said tragically. "It's the thundering herd. Well, we'll just sneak away, in a corner, as soon as we decently can. I haven't asked you half the things—"

They were, Dan Fenton assured himself, gay, bright, amusing, sophisticated people. They must be. Diana had had them in the old days, and Diana would have them still. Besides, they had names—and he had heard of some of the names, even in Range City. The man who looked rather like a withered but petulant mouse was undoubtedly the famous playwright—he had caught the name quite distinctly; and the man who looked as if he wore corsets had a title, as well. Then there were Sue Damian, who was too divine; and Bunny Angus, who was too amusing. A great many well-dressed people, many of them quite rich, and all talking rather loudly. A great many cocktails made people talk rather loudly. And there were hot things on trays, and cold things on trays. He wasn't having any more cocktails, after the first, with the rum in it. But the cream-cheese-and-chives thing was good. They often had it at home.

"He comes from Range City," said Diana, laughing. "Isn't it too divine?"

The light, buoyant figure passed on among her guests. It was remarkable, thought Dan Fenton respectfully, how Diana had kept her youth. He had seen a butterfly under glass once, the wings brilliant with colour. You would not have called it artificial—but it was no longer a butterfly. The wings, if you touched them, would be brittle and dry.

He wanted to say: "Are you happy? And why did you marry Bruce Davenport in the first place? And where has it all gone? Was it only youth—was it all youth—the magic and the swiftness? Or was it just that I didn't have any sense?"

Instead he explained about Range City, politely, to the girl beside him. She had a cream-white skin, dark eyes and an arrogant, discontented mouth.

"Dear Diana," said the girl, in a pause, "she's looking too rapturous, isn't she? I don't know how she does it. I'd be a wreck—but a wreck! And she practically never has the jitters. I've only seen her with the real jitters twice."

"Is that a necessary part of the party?" said Dan Fenton.

"Oh, my dear!" the girl cried. "That's too divine! But of course the holidays make anyone jittery—too cheerful and Dickensy and saddening. But—" She looked at her watch, and screamed. "My dear!" she said. "I must fly!"

She flew. Dan Fenton noticed, in the direction of the cocktail-shaker, and remained there, chatting animatedly with the man like a petulant mouse. He found himself, with a slight sensation of nightmare, on the edge of a group of three near a Chicago painting. They hunched their shoulders a little as if to guard themselves from his nearer approach. He heard a voice say, "No—I don't think Diana takes anything—it always shows in the eyes—" and moved hastily away.

"Aren't you Dan Fenton?" said a voice. "I'd never have known you!"

Fenton extended a hand and groped for a name. Of course! Grant Billington!

"No, I'd never have known you in the world," said Grant Billington with satisfaction. "Been out of town, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Dan Fenton. "I've been out of town."

"Well," said Grant Billington cordially—they had called him "Wormy" in college, Dan Fenton remembered—"I don't get in to Diana's parties very often myself. But I like to cheer the old girl up now and then, when I can."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Fenton softly.

"Oh, well," said Billington tolerantly, "live and let live, you know—and she's still very attractive—very attractive." And he gave what Dan Fenton could only think of as a mental nudge. A sudden desire possessed Dan Fenton to take Mr. Billington's face in his hand and push. Then he thought of something else.

"Sorry to see you looking so badly, Grant," he said. "Liver?"

"Liver?" said Grant Billington, dum-founded. "Why, I played eighteen holes of golf only—"

"Ah," said Dan Fenton weightily, "that's just it. Can't over-exercise at our age, you know. Too hard on the heart. Reminds me of poor Chick Wilson—oh, well, you wouldn't know him—just about your build, too. Poor Chick!"

"But listen!" yammered Mr. Billington. "Listen! Do you really think—"

"It's nice to have seen you, Grant," said Fenton sorrowfully, and moved away. When he was safe behind a screen of cocktail-drinkers, he chuckled internally. Wormy Billington would spend the holidays having x-rays taken—and serve him right. But it was ridiculous to have that wretched little rich hypochondriac patronizing Diana. He'd tell Diana about it, and they'd have a good laugh.

But when he looked across the room for Diana, he suddenly knew that he would not tell her. She was there, in the centre of a group—she was there, being very animated. She liked this—she liked it all; the peacock-noise and the smart second-hand sayings—the spinning bright-coloured wheel that had seemed so gayly painted in youth. But he knew that he didn't want it any more.

"Oh, sorry," said a voice, as his elbow was joggled and a splash of lukewarm cocktail lit on the back of his hand. "Awfully sorry. But it's rather a crush—what?"

"It's my fault," said Fenton, wiping his hand. "I'm from the great open spaces. Though we do have cocktail parties there, in our simple way."

"I say!" said the boy excitedly. "Great open spaces? Then you're Mr. Fenton, of course. Diana told me—been looking for you and all that. My name's Ridley, by the way. Very nice to have you here—heard so much of you—"

"It's very pleasant to meet you," said Dan. He hoped that he wasn't staring, as they shook hands. He had expected many things of Diana's third husband. But he had not expected this—this curly-haired child with the nice manners and the nervous, agreeable smile. "He can't be more than twenty," thought Dan. "No, I'm wrong—the English are different—he might be twenty-five."

"I say," said Nigel Ridley. "Didn't mean to stare. But—well—heard so much about you from Diana—didn't quite realize—"

"He's going to call me 'sir' in a minute," thought Dan. Aloud, he said: "Of course that was a good many years ago."

"Quite," said the Englishman. "Quite." He laughed a little. "Hope I'm not making an ass of myself," he said. "But I got the impression of quite a different sort of person—well, rather a blood, and all that, if you know what I mean. Silly of me."

"Not at all," said Dan. It occurred to him that Mr. Ridley was very young. Only some one very young would take Diana's descriptions for gospel. He felt, abruptly, sorry for Mr. Ridley. It was not what he had expected to feel.

"Diana is very generous to her friends," he said.

"Isn't she!" said Mr. Ridley enthusiastically. His eyes roamed about the room. "Rather wonderful, you know," he said boyishly. "Of course, knew she was very popular. But still—makes one feel quite responsible—so many good chaps she might have married. Well, try to live up to it—and after all, she did pick me, don't you know."

"I'm sure you'll be very happy," said Dan, shaking him by the hand for the second time.

"Stout chap!" said Mr. Ridley, affected. His eyes, Dan Fenton noticed, had a certain fixity of gaze—the fixity of those who drink without showing it until the final and decorous collapse.

He found himself wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. It was, he thought, a Western gesture, but he didn't mind. He murmured to Mr. Ridley and started to slip his way politely through the crowd. As he reached the door, he turned for a last glance. The party was in full swing—the voices were getting shriller, ashtrays more cluttered. Over all the noise and the scramble, he heard Diana's light, meaningless laughter. It wasn't meant for an epitaph—but it would do well enough.

Snow had started to fall when he got to the street—he breathed gratefully of that clean, impeccable air. It seemed very cool and pleasant, after the smoke and the shrillness. A thicker snow would be falling in Range City, and his children would be out in it, shouting, with flushed cheeks. To-morrow he'd see if they carried the Range City Times-Enquirer at that news-stand near the Grand Central.

His right hand, jammed in his pocket, touched a small flat box—the cigarette-case he had bought for Trina. He could see it now, expensive, silly and glittering—the sort of present you bought to please your own vanity—a present for the Diana of ten years ago. But it didn't happen to be good enough for Trina, with her Indian stoicism and her deep warmth. He'd take it back to-morrow and get something just as glittering but real. It would have to be real, for Trina was real. The time after Janice was born and the time in '29 when they thought they'd lost everything, and a dozen, a hundred times. And he'd almost missed it, almost missed the hunger and the peace and the steadfastness, the comradeship and the thousand small memories that made up life, because of a dream of youth and a gilded apple. But he hadn't, quite. It was too late now to take up the Levinsons on their Christmas invitation, even if they wanted. But he and Trina would have Christmas, hotel or no hotel. Only first—

"Taxi!" he shouted. "The Plaza! And hurry!" Then, a moment later, he rapped on the glass.

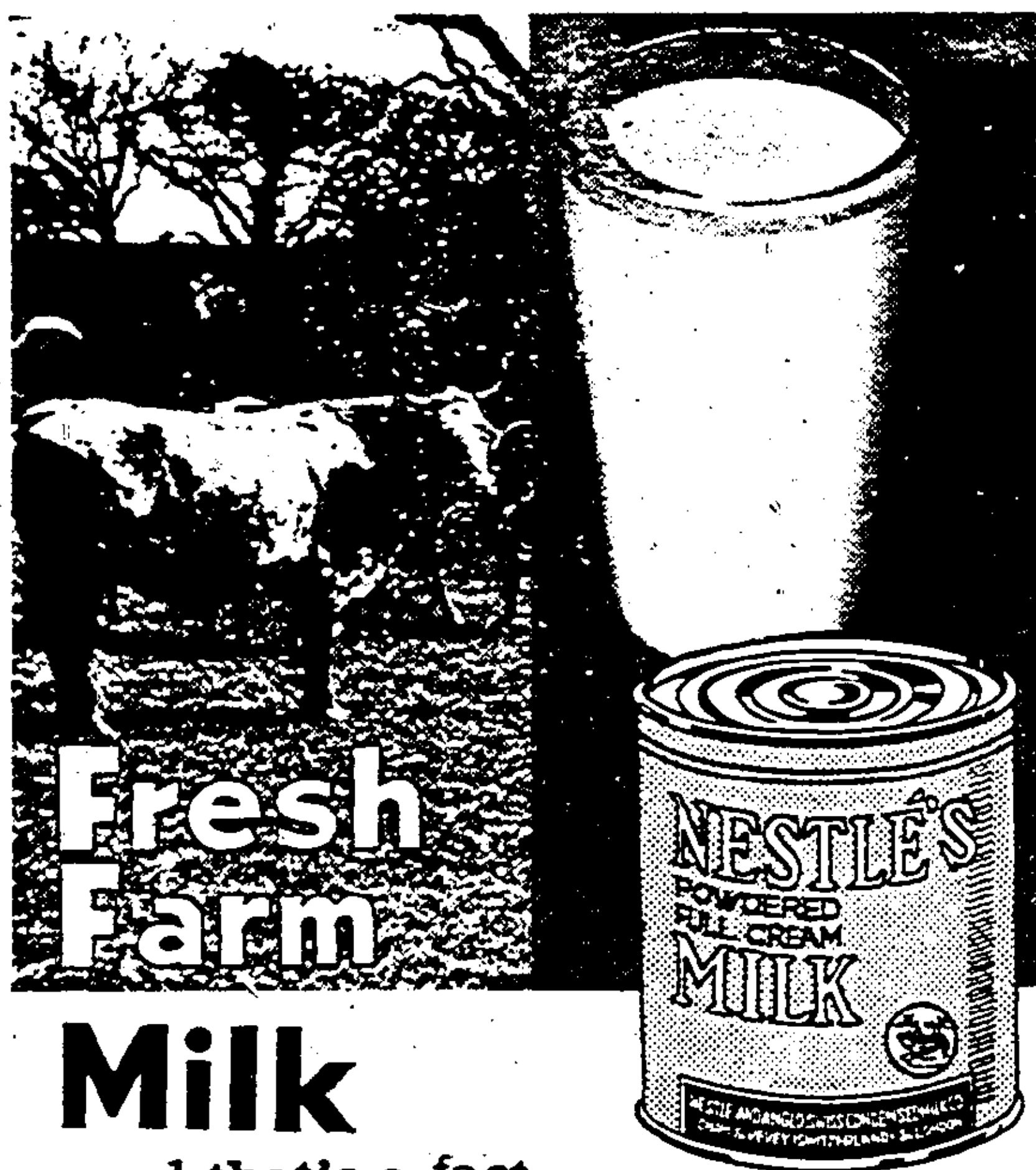
"No—listen," he said. "Drive down Fifth till you see a Santa Claus. Then I'll tell you what to do."

"Buyin' reindeer this early, Chief?" muttered the driver, but obeyed. The taxi slowed to a stop. Dan Fenton leaped from it. "Just a minute!" he flung over his shoulder. Then he turned to a surprised and weary Santa Claus who rang his bell in the face of the passers-by.

"How much will you do for ten dollars?" said Dan Fenton, the respected business-man of Range City. "Well, I want you to do just this: I want you to kick me. Hard! I can't do it myself. But I know it ought to be done."

"Say, buddy, what's eatin' you?" said the Santa Claus uneasily, his eyes roaming for a policeman. Dan Fenton laughed boyishly. "Oh, all right," he said. "You needn't. I guess I'll remember, anyway. And here's the ten. But just tell me the nearest place where I can buy a Christmas tree—a real one that you can put in a hotel room. You see, I'm a stranger in town, and I've got to have one for my wife!"

(THE END)




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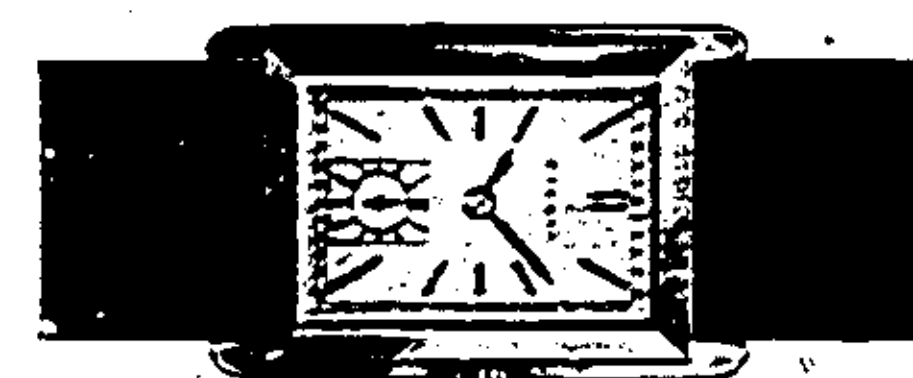
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